

SHINING THROUGH

Screenplay By David Seltzer
Second Draft: 11/89

OPENING CREDITS BEGIN OVER BLACK,

accompanied by a vintage radio broadcast, circa 1940, of a radio personality named "Little Jack Little", singing I've Always Wanted To Waltz In Berlin; a comic anti-Nazi song of the day.

When the MUSIC FADES, the remainder of credits play over the following scene:

FADE UP ON:

INT. LINDA VOSS'S LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Tilted perspective of a fireplace; CAMERA ZIG-ZAGS to an empty couch, then to the floor. We're seeing through the lens of a video camera being screwed onto a tri-pod; OFF-SCREEN VOICES are heard - as a pair of women's feet, wearing stout, practical heels, moves through frame. They are followed by a man's; then an aged Pekingese dog, waddles behind.

LINDA

(edgy) I'm not sure I'll be able to do this....

BBC INTERVIEWER

(clipped British accent) You'll be fine. Just sit here, opposite me, answer my questions....

LINDA

I turned down a lot of people for this, you know.

SOUNDMAN

Could we get a soundcheck please?

We HEAR STATIC; the CAMERA JERKS UPWARD, capturing a blurred image that gradually comes into focus, REVEALING LINDA VOSS. She is in her mid-to-late sixties and has clearly made an effort to look elegant for this occasion. A SOUNDMAN, on his knees, is affixing a microphone to her lapel.

BBC INTERVIEWER

Could we have a few words - just for sound?

CAMERA ZOOMS INTO "CLOSE FOCUS", revealing she is plenty uneasy. There is perspiration on her upper lip that someone reaches in, with a kleenex, to dab away.

LINDA

(stuck) I don't know what to say.

BBC INTERVIEWER

Just anything...

LINDA
 (a laugh) I've had such a big mouth all
 my life, here I don't know what to
 say....!

SOUNDMAN
 That's fine.

But Linda is unnerved now.

LINDA
 Tell you the truth, I don't know why I'm
 doing this. My children wanted me to.
 "This is the BBC," they said. "They'll
 do it right."

BBC INTERVIEWER
 We'll do it right; I promise.

LINDA
 I don't know why I said yes to this.

JAMIE (O.S.)
 C'mon, Mom, don't freak out.

Sucking in her breath, she girds herself as a SLATE BLOCKS HER
 FACE.

CAMERA ASSISTANT (O.S.)
 This is a BBC Production, interview with
 Linda Voss, "Hitler's Germany" Part 5...

LINDA
 (from behind the slate) Oh. You wanted
 the scrapbook...

BBC INTERVIEWER
 We'll do that later. Get the
 photographs.

LINDA
 Ah.

BBC INTERVIEWER
 If we could just get our "slate" now -

LINDA
 Sorry.

CAMERA ASSISTANT
 (where he left off) ...Hitler's Germany,
 Part 5: "The American spies in Berlin."

"SMACK"; the SLATE WITHDRAWS, leaving LINDA looking panicked.

BBC INTERVIEWER
 Just relax.

LINDA

I start?

BBC INTERVIEWER

Tell me about the war. When did you first become interested in it?

The length of time it takes her to ponder makes it clear that she does, indeed, intend to "do it right".

LINDA

(finally) The movies.

BBC INTERVIEWER

The movies?

CUT TO:

INT. THE MOVIE THEATRE - 1940

The Mortal Storm: Jimmy Stewart skiing down a slope with Margaret Sullivan in his arms, dodging NAZI machine-gun bullets as they flee toward the Swiss Border.

LINDA'S NARRATION

War movies. Especially anything set in Germany...

A young LINDA guzzles popcorn as she watches.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Because I grew up with a special feeling for Berlin.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON HER and we begin to hear the MUSIC we heard in the opening: I Always Wanted To Waltz in Berlin.

DISSOLVING TO:

VINTAGE PHOTO: LINDA as a child.

LINDA NARRATION

From the time I was a child, my grandmother and my father told me stories about their beloved City. By the time I was three, I could say "Alexanderplatz" - which was the section they lived in - in Berlin.

BBC INTERVIEWER

You spoke German in your household...?

CUT TO:

FAMILY PHOTO

LINDA posed between her mother and father; he in a wheelchair, her mother tall and supercilious, wearing an outrageous hat.

LINDA'S NARRATION

To my mother, I spoke English; she was Irish, born and raised in Brooklyn. To my father, I spoke German; but he warned me to keep this language secret.

CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO: STREET SCENE - 1933

Vintage autos, shopkeepers' signs in German and Yiddish.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Because, outside of our neighborhood in Queens, New York, if people heard me speak German, they'd either think I was a Nazi sympathizer - or know I was a Jew.

The "PHOTO" turns to COLOR and SNAPS TO LIFE: CAMERA PANNING toward a TENEMENT WINDOW where we hear CLASSICAL MUSIC, a Schumann piano concerto, playing.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - SAME

The phonograph playing in the background as LINDA listens to her father read aloud, in German, from a letter that trembles in his hands.

LINDA'S FATHER

[SUBTITLED] ...Hitler's new decree, the Nuremberg Accord, says that Jews are no longer German citizens, and must wear yellow stars on their sleeves...

LINDA'S MOTHER strides into the room, on her way to pouring herself a drink.

LINDA'S MOTHER

In English, please, for us poor Irish trash, thank you....

LINDA'S FATHER (CONT'D)

(in English) ...We are no longer allowed to use a public toilet, nor can Hannah, Sofi, or I go to a beauty parlor, because Hitler says the hair of a Jew is infectious. All of our pets have to be put to sleep, destroyed, because Hitler says they are tainted from eating food prepared by Jewish hands. Do you remember our little dog, "Otto"....?

Unable to continue, he hands the LETTER to LINDA, who does it for him.

LINDA

(reading) ...We hear rumors everywhere that Jews are being rounded up and sent away - we don't know where. We have been invited, by friends, to hide with them, somewhere in Berlin.

In the silence that follows, LINDA'S MOTHER, who has no tolerance for grimness, switches off the classical music and turns on the radio to SWING. Ignoring it, Linda removes a snapshot from the letter, studying it with tears in her eyes.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I guess it was then, that the fantasy began.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: the PHOTO of THREE WOMEN, two of them adults, the third a delicate beauty Linda's age, proudly holding a flute in her hand.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I dreamed of parachuting into Germany and rescuing them, my father's two sisters, Hannah and Leisel, and Hannah's daughter Sofi, who played the flute, and was just a year younger than I...

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVING IN ON LINDA, awake in the DARK.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I dreamed of seeing Sofi on the concert stage in New York City...playing her flute, just for me.

SHOCK CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - NIGHT

A terrifying FLASH-FORWARD to LINDA, with S.S. SIRENS SCREAMING BEHIND HER, RUNNING FOR HER LIFE!

CUT TO:

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - 1938

CLOSE on a BLACK & WHITE MOVIE SCREEN: David Niven running through a hail of bullets in The Dawn Patrol - Brenda Marshall on a short-wave radio, tapping out Morse Code...

CLOSE ON LINDA: in the audience, her eyes glued to the screen.

BBC INTERVIEWER (OVER)

So you contacted the War Department about becoming a "spy"?

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT

The question having caused LINDA to LAUGH while taking a sip of water; she almost chokes, shaking her head "no" as she hands the drinking glass offscreen.

LINDA

Those were just..."pipe dreams". I
wouldn't have known how to become a spy.

CUT TO:

EXT. WARTIME NEW YORK - DAY

To the accompaniment of 40's BIG BAND MUSIC, WE SEE TIMES SQUARE: its HUGE TELETYPE SIGN reading "FRANCE TAKEN BY NAZIS"; CAMERA SWISH-PANNING to a SUBWAY ENTRANCE where a HORDE of New Yorkers ascend into the exciting swirl of the City, LINDA among them, disoriented, and bedazzled, by all she sees.

LINDA'S NARRATION

In 1940, when all of Europe was
struggling against Hitler, I was just a
young girl - struggling to get out of
Queens.

CUT TO:

EXT. 42ND STREET - SAME

MARIONETTES dressed like ADOLPH HITLER and a STORM TROOPER,
dancing to a recording of:

COMICAL VOICE

(singing) When Der Fuhrer says,
"Vee iss the Master Race,
SEIG-HEIL! SEIG-HEIL!
Right in Der Fuhrer's face...!"

[Each "Seig-Heil" is accompanied by a farting sound; the "storm-trooper" farts in Hitler's face] CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal LINDA moving past, amazed and bedazzled by all she sees. There are MOVIE POSTERS: The Fighting 69th, with James Cagney; The Mortal Storm, with Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullivan; Gone With the Wind, with Clark Gable and Leslie Howard.....HER ATTENTION turning to a newspaper stand, which she heads toward, beginning to hear:

SOAP-BOX AGITATOR (O.S.)

...and anyone who says America should get
into this war is a Goddamn Commie!
Franklyn Delano "Rosenberg" included!

ANGLE ON THE AGITATOR, his head seen above a CROWD that's giving him plenty of HELL.

VOICES FROM CROWD

Get outta here...Get down, you Goddamn
Nazi..!

NEWSPAPER VENDOR
(To Linda) Y'want a paper, or you
waitin' for a bus!?

ANGLE ON LINDA: startled by his rudeness.

LINDA
Oh. Sorry. (re: the papers) Which
one's best for job hunting?

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM of a WALL STREET LAW FIRM

Where a dozen or so young women who look like they've stepped out off the pages of Vogue Magazine sit in elegant silence, some filling out applications....CAMERA PANNING TO A CLOSED GLASS DOOR marked "PERSONNEL", LINDA inside.

CUT TO:

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE - SAME

LINDA'S having difficulty maintaining a "pleasant" expression as she is patronized by the PERSONNEL DIRECTOR, one snooty bitch.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
I'm sure your typing skills are superior,
Miss Voss (mispronounces it 'Vose'), but
a degree from The Queens Clerical College
is a bit beneath Wall Street standards.
Most of our girls come directly from
Vassar; I'm sure you understand.

LINDA
Oh, I understand.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
So, unless you have something to add that
might change my mind, I really
couldn't...

LINDA
(finishing for her) "Lower your
standards" - listen, I wouldn't want you
to. You might have to work with someone
who's had to get her hands dirty, and I'm
sure that'd be uncomfortable for you and
the "Girls from Vassar." (rises to leave
- but turns) I went to Vassar, by the
way. My uncle's car broke down in front
of the front gates, and I had to pick him
up, the place looked like a shit-hole to
me. Thank you very much.

The WOMAN'S JAW DROPS; LINDA TURNS TO LEAVE - JOLTED by a
resounding "CRASH" from the WAITING ROOM where, through the glass
door, WE SEE the "VASSAR GIRLS" jumping and squealing, as though a
mouse had been set loose in their midst.

INT. THE WAITING ROOM - SAME MOMENT

AS LINDA ENTERS the scene of CHAOS. A WATER BOTTLE has been knocked from its mooring atop a water cooler by a MIDDLE-AGED CLEANING WOMAN, who WAILS fearfully, IN GERMAN, while trying to placate the squealing girls, and, with paper towels, clean them up.

As everyone else scurries from the floodwater, LINDA SLOSHES RIGHT THROUGH and takes the CLEANING WOMAN in hand, reassuring, calming her down. Without realizing it, she is speaking German - and LOOKS UP TO SEE the eyes of the PERSONNEL DIRECTOR on her.

LINDA
(translating for the cleaning lady)
She's afraid you'll fire her. She
supports two children and a nephew with
this job. (a beat) Give her a break,
will you?

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
Of course.

LINDA translates to the CLEANING WOMAN who sobs gratefully, kissing Linda's hand. Taking a moment to fortify the woman with a bracing grip and a look of "have courage", LINDA turns and heads for the door.

PERSONNEL DIRECTOR
(stopping her) Miss Vose. You failed to
mention that you speak a second language.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHN BERRINGER'S OFFICE - SAME

LINDA seated across the desk from JOHN BERRINGER; 35, blonde, impeccably dressed and irresistibly handsome, dictating with an air of superiority as he "tests" Linda who translates, simultaneously, aloud. Born to some planet outside the universe known to Linda Voss, Berringer is surrounded by photos of sailboats and polo-ponies, and a woman who rides to the hounds.

BERRINGER
(reading from a letter) ...leaving us no
choice but to impound the shipment until
proper reparations are made.

LINDA
(finishing right behind him) ...unt
zumstrau, mit schein.

Truly impressed, he puts the letter down.

JOHN
You say your grandmother taught it to
you?

LINDA
Initially.

JOHN
She "practiced" it with you?

LINDA
(amused) "Practiced?" She doesn't speak English.

JOHN
She's been in this country how long, and she doesn't speak English?

LINDA
She prefers German.

JOHN
Does she "prefer" Germany?

Realizing where the conversation is going, she bites the bullet.

LINDA
She's Jewish.

JOHN
(a beat) You're Jewish?

LINDA
Half.

JOHN
Half.

The way he looks at her, raises her hackles.

LINDA
That a problem?

JOHN
(headshake) At least we can be "half certain" you're not a Nazi spy.

She's not certain it's a joke until he SMILES - and what a smile.

JOHN
I think you'll do fine. (into his intercom) See if Mister Leland's free.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(through intercom) Yes, Sir.

LINDA
May I ask what the job is?

JOHN

Secretarial; filling in, for our one girl who speaks perfect German, while she takes a vacation. Wouldn't call her a "girl", exactly. (impersonates "zoftig") "Helga".

LINDA

(amused) Secretary to you?

JOHN

(affirmative) Mmmm. And one of our senior partners, who's a little handicapped because he has a tin-ear for languages. We have an International practice here, and we're trying to disentangle certain companies from their affairs in Germany...

LELAND (O.S.)

You're looking for me?

ANGLE ON THE DOOR as ED LELAND ENTERS. Older than Berringer by a good ten years, he radiates strength and authority, his intimidating presence accented by a scar on one cheek, that runs from mouth to ear.

JOHN

(proudly, re: Linda) Ninety words a minute, bi-lingual dictation, works a photocopy, and speaks German with the accent of a Berlin Butcher's Wife. How's that for a last minute save?

Somewhat insulted by the introduction, Linda works at returning Leland's gaze.

LELAND

Background check?

JOHN

It's only for two weeks. Her German's better than mine.

LELAND

(impressed) Really. (To Linda) Stand up?

LINDA

Beg pardon?

LELAND

Stand up and turn around?

LINDA

Why?

JOHN
It's a test he likes to give.

LINDA
I'll take it sitting down.

The men exchange a glance, Leland bidding adieu.

JOHN
(jumps up) Wait. Ed. She has
extraordinary language skills, and Helga
just left on the ten o'clock train.

None too pleased, Leland submits.

LELAND
Two weeks, I'll live with it.

He leaves, Berringer sinking back into his chair and gazing at her with concern.

JOHN
He wanted you to stand up, turn around,
then close your eyes and describe
everything you saw in the room. You have
a problem with that?

Taking a beat to reconsider, LINDA gets up, turns around, and plops back down.

LINDA
(eyes closed) Pictures of sailboats and
polo-ponies, fancy books and diplomas,
two guys who are surprised that a girl
who needs a job won't be treated like a
slave.

Her eyes pop open with an expression that "dares" him to boot her out.

JOHN
(appalled) Are you always like this?

LINDA
Forgot to tell you. My other half is
Irish. (a grin) Lethal combination.

CLOSE ON BERRINGER: fascinated. Across the gap of counter cultures we sense a dangerous spark.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DINNER
LINDA'S FATHER banging on the table so hard, the plates jump.

FATHER
I won't permit it! They're Nazi's!

LINDA
They're not Nazi's papa...!

FATHER
Anyone, not Jewish, who speaks German, is
a Nazi!!

LINDA
(despairing) Papa....

LINDA'S NARRATION
John Berringer was not a Nazi.

CUT TO:

INT. BERRINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

BERRINGER strutting around the room as he dictates to LINDA, in
GERMAN.

LINDA'S NARRATION
But he sure could have passed for one.

Her eyes on him when he's not looking, they dart to her steno-pad
when he glances her way.

LINDA'S NARRATION
With his Harvard-taught German, and pale
blue eyes, he would have been Hitler's
idea of Aryan perfection. Unfortunately,
he was my idea of perfection, as well.

Glancing over her shoulder, he spots a mistake.

JOHN
Wassergeschacht is "truck". I said
"wagon."

He's reached over her shoulder to point it out, his face so close
that she can feel his breath on her cheek.

LINDA
(barely able to speak) You said "cement
wagon". "Wassergeschacht" is correct.

She turns to him, her face flushing with color at the proximity of
his cheek; the moment SHATTERED by the DOOR OPENING to REVEAL a
chic young woman - John's wife, NAN BERRINGER.

NAN
Am I interrupting, Darling? I thought
you might like to take your wife to
dinner before concert tonight.

JOHN
Great idea! Linda, reserve a table for
us at Sardi's.

CLOSE ON LINDA: still flushed - and flustered.

NAN
(sulky) Not Sardi's again...

LINDA'S NARRATION
Needless to say, his wife was from Vassar.

LELAND
(passing by, spots Nan) Hey!

He pops in to give her a kiss.

NAN
Greetings from Mummy, she says she's cutting you off if you don't call her.

LINDA'S NARRATION
She was also Ed Leland's baby sister - which made Leland and Berringer brother-in-laws.

JOHN
(to Ed) Can you join us for dinner?

LELAND
I'm afraid I have to leave town tonight...

NAN
Where to this time, Mister "Cloak-And-Dagger"? Or shouldn't I ask?

LINDA'S NARRATION
And Nepotism wasn't the only thing going on around here.

INT. THE COMPANY COMMISSARY - LUNCHTIME

A gaggle of office girls gossiping non-stop in thick New "Yawk"/Jersey accents, while stuffing their faces.

LUNCH BUNCH
(dialogue divided) It's like she's trying to get caught! If I saw them together, anyone could see them together...!

LINDA'S NARRATION
While the Vassar Girls lunched at various tea rooms around the city, and were courted by the men they worked for, I fell in with the receptionist-and-key-punch crowd, who came to work across bridges and under tunnels, like I did.

LUNCH BUNCH
Do you think he knows? Nah, he'd kill her. C'mon, he's a pussycat!

Linda is listening with only half an ear, reading the newspapers as she eats.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Talk about "spying", there was nothing they didn't know.

LUNCH BUNCH

Well Ed Leland's no pussycat. He's already killed a man, you know. On one of those "spy missions" he takes? He'll strangle her if he finds out she's fooling around.

LINDA

(looking up) Who's fooling around?

LUNCH BUNCH

Ooooooh, look who's interested! We finally got her nose out of the papers...

WOMAN #1 (GLADYS)

Come on, she's gotta learn about Hitler, he's Mister Berringer's pen-pal. "Dear Adolph. My wife is shtupping Quentin Dahlmeier. I like knockwurst. How are you?!"

They HOOT and GASP; LINDA, INCREDULOUS.

LINDA

Mister Berringer's wife is having an affair?

Her innocent delivery sets off another ROUND OF LAUGHTER, one of them gagging on her food as another imitates:

WOMAN #2

(wide-eyed innocence) Our little Nanny-poo?!

LINDA'S NARRATION

The law firm fairly "sizzled" with intrigue; and not just about the affair.

INT. LAW FIRM RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Operators moving with Octopusian efficiency.

OPERATOR

Leland-Vandergraff-and-Green-good-morning....

LINDA'S NARRATION

The switchboard girls claimed that there were records of late-night calls to the White House....

CAMERA FOLLOWS A MAILROOM BOY making his rounds.

LINDA'S NARRATION

The Mailroom boys saw a cable addressed
to J. Edgar Hoover....

CAMERA COMES TO REST on the partially opened door to LELAND'S
OFFICE, where WE SEE LINDA, taking short hand. CAMERA MOVES IN...

LINDA'S NARRATION

And Ed Leland was given to disappearing
on mysterious trips, returning as
abruptly as he'd vanished, to dictate
letters that made no sense at all.

CUT TO:

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - SAME

LELAND seated behind his desk, dictating.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Naturally, it set a girl's mind to
wondering.

LELAND

...and I'm pleased to report, that my
wife, "Sunflower", and I....along with
her new dog...."Rover"....

CLOSE ON LINDA: her expression says "Oh, sure" as she transcribes
it.

LELAND (CONT'D)

...have just returned from the seashore
...where we watched..."birds". "Sea
birds". A flock of fourteen. Diving for
fish.

LINDA

Excuse me. Are those "pelicans?"

The "bad" side of his face TO HER.

LINDA

(toughing it out) You said they were
"diving"...?

LELAND

I've asked you not to interrupt me.

LINDA

Right. Sorry. You were saying? (he's
about to resume; she cuts him off) How
'bout "seagull"?

LELAND

(deathlike) Miss Voss.

LINDA

The German language is very specific, Mister Leland. You wouldn't say "I have a 'bird in a cage', you'd say 'I have a canary'. "Kanarianvogel." Unless, of course, this is all just some kind of "code" or something, in which event you should just tell me, so I won't be bothering you like this.

CLOSE ON LELAND: STOPPED COLD.

LELAND

Why would you say something like that? That this is a "code".

She shrugs - a little too big; designed to get his goat.

LELAND

(feigning amusement) Please. I'm curious.

LINDA

Well, your wife is not named 'Sunflower'. Matter of fact, you don't have one. A wife. You've never been married - or so I'm told, anyway.

LELAND

Therefore you assume I speak in code?

LINDA

I don't have to stand up and turn around to observe that your overnight bag is packed with woolen sweaters and heavy socks.

ANGLE ON HIS OVERNIGHT BAG IN THE CORNER - its zipper slightly askew; her eye is amazing.

LINDA

Not the kind of things you'd bring to the "seashore". Not a 'vacation' kind of seashore, anyway. More like the "English Channel", I'd say.

LELAND

Anything else?

LINDA

Well, if you don't mind my saying, the code's a dead giveaway. "Fourteen" "birds", "diving for fish" is obviously a fleet of fourteen submarines. You should do like they did in that movie Espionage Agent. With Brenda Marshall? When they sent messages about submarines, they talked about her "rose garden". For "airplanes", they talked about figs and dates.

LELAND

Figs and dates.

LINDA

Figs were Fokkers, dates were Messerschmidts. I see a lot of movies.

Taking a moment to digest this, he reaches into a bottom drawer, withdrawing a photograph, which he handles with care. It's of him with a radiant young woman; not the Vassar kind, a wild-maned, natural beauty. They are on a grassy knoll, arms around each other, clearly in love.

LELAND

My wife, Susan, who I called Sunflower. Taken about a year before she went into a sanitarium in Switzerland. A mental institution, which I visit often. And, from which, she'll likely never return.

CLOSE ON LINDA: deflating.

LELAND

You can understand why it's easier for me to let people think...

LINDA

(heartfelt) I'm sorry...!

He nods, his eyes set sadly on the photograph.

LINDA

God, I feel so stupid.

LELAND

It's all right...

CLOSE ON LINDA: the very picture of wide-eyed innocence.

LINDA

I feel so stupid, that I don't understand why I'm not allowed to make carbon copies of your letters. Or why I'm asked to turn in my steno-pad, for a fresh one, each time I've finished. Or why I type endless letters, but never envelopes - so I'll never know where those letters are going.

CLOSE ON LELAND: aware that the "game" is in play.

LELAND

When I was in Switzerland, I asked a psychiatrist the same thing. Why I was unable to "trust". He says it has to do with my upbringing.

LINDA

You're a spy, Mister Leland.

LELAND

You've seen too many movies, Miss Voss.

LINDA

(a smile) Enough to know a spy when I see one.

CLOSE ON LINDA: pleased with herself.

LINDA

(re: the photo) And the woman is named Matilda Krimm - a model, who you were never married to, but merely dated. Before you met Kiki Avondale, that is, who you were engaged to for six months, before you got cold feet...

LELAND

This is outrageous, how do you know these things?!

LINDA

We spies can't divulge our sources.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCAL HANGOUT (THE BLUE ELEPHANT TAVERN) - EVENING

LINDA huddled with the bridge-and-tunnel crowd in the densely packed tavern, the girls excitedly dishing the BIG NEWS of the day.

GIRL #1 (GLADYS)

Why else does a married woman book into Reno Nevada alone for six weeks?! To "take the sun?!"

GIRL #2

Harriet-on-the-switchboard took a message from Mrs. Carver Lambert-Jones (adding, for Linda's benefit) - recently divorced and very beautiful - asking him over to dinner tonight - and I quote: "in case he needed a shoulder."

GIRL #1

Linda? Did you notice one of his shoulders missing?

They HOOT and CACKLE, LINDA looking up in AMAZEMENT to see none other than JOHN BERRINGER himself passing the window, a newspaper held over his Homberg to ward off the rain.

GIRL #2

Believe me, she's dumping him. She's in Reno getting a divorce.

ANGLE ON LINDA'S CHAIR: empty.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BLUE ELEPHANT - SAME

As LINDA EXITS, spotting Berringer, and FOLLOWING. Unprotected from the rain, she holds her purse overhead as she runs - then suddenly stops, seeing that he's waiting for a BUS.

CLOSE ON BERRINGER: as LINDA comes up beside him, seeing, in his tortured expression, that the rumors must be true. Feeling her eyes on him, he turns - SURPRISED.

BERRINGER

Hello.

LINDA

(a nod) Mister Berringer.

BERRINGER

You - take this bus?

LINDA

(a laugh) You kidding? To Park Avenue?
No. I'm strictly a subway girl myself.

Desperately uncomfortable, she struggles for some way to explain.

LINDA

I just - saw you passing - I was at the Blue Elephant - and I....wanted to
(faltering) - say that...

Her voice trails off, he waiting for more.

LINDA

(embarrassed) My father says, "What's on her lung is on her tongue."

BERRINGER
What is on your lung?

LINDA
That if your wife left you, she's crazy.

It so STUNS HIM, that he looks like he's going to cry.

LINDA
(flushed with embarrassment) And my
mother says, if my brain were as big as
my mouth, I'd be Einstein.

BERRINGER
(heartfelt) Thank you.

She shrugs; captured by the gentle sadness in his eyes.

LINDA
(after a long silence) Well.

BERRINGER
You're getting wet.

LINDA
(dismissive) Ah.

BERRINGER
(removing his hat) Here.

LINDA
(headshake) Nah, I've gotta go...

BERRINGER
Please. You can bring it back tomorrow.

He puts the hat on her, and their eyes lock - in a more serious
way. He's lowered his newspaper, the rain beating down on him.

BERRINGER
You have to rush off?

LINDA
Aren't you having dinner with Mrs. Carver
Lambert-Jones?

BERRINGER
(dismayed) Is everything in my life
public knowledge?

LINDA
Only what happens during office hours.

ANGLE ON BOTH: gazing at each other - the temperature rising
between them.

BERRINGER
Would you come home with me?

CLOSE ON LINDA: clearly in love.

LINDA'S NARRATION
So many times in my life, I said I'm not
that kind of girl. And I wasn't.

LINDA
Yes.

LINDA'S NARRATION
Until I was.

CUT TO:

INT. BERRINGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT
RAIN-STREAKED floor-to-ceiling windows that overlook the city ---
in front of which the SILHOUETTES of LINDA and BERRINGER come
together in a kiss.

LINDA'S NARRATION
Call me petty. But on some level I saw
this as a victory of Queens Clerical
College over Vassar.

PAN DOWN to a FRAMED PHOTO of NAN BERRINGER astride her champion
horse.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SAME
LINDA astride JOHN BERRINGER.

CUT TO:

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - DAY
CLOSE on a DESK PHOTO of NAN BERRINGER posed with her brother ED
LELAND - CAMERA PANNING toward the SOUND of VOICES, one German,
one English, speaking simultaneously. A GERMAN REFUGEE,
threadbare, his hat in hand, is answering ED LELAND in his native
tongue, while a MALE TRANSLATOR with a thick German accent talks
over him. LINDA, uncharacteristically silent, takes notes nearby.

MALE TRANSLATOR
(simultaneous, with the refugee)...about
three miles from the center of
Dusseldorf, to - uh - (stuck for a word)
How do you say, "steingleischt"?

LELAND
Linda?

LINDA
Me? I don't speak German.

Leland does a subliminal "take".

TRANSLATOR
(finding the word) "Churchsteeple!"

LELAND
(to Linda) Could we - take a break -
Miss Voss...?

CUT TO:

OUTER OFFICE - SAME

As LINDA follows LELAND to the water cooler, "Mata-Hari casual" as she fills his cup. Glancing back at the GERMANS who watch from Leland's opened door, she speaks through a smile.

LINDA
"Steingleischt" is "smokestack". The
translator's been lying.

LELAND
(dismissive) Not possible, we've been
using him for months.

LINDA
Started out with little mistakes, then,
when he wasn't corrected, they got
bigger.

LELAND
Making mistakes doesn't -

LINDA
He tripled the number of railroad lines
coming into the city, cut in half the
number of factories. Some sentences -
one involving a munitions plant - he left
out altogether.

She sees, by the change in his eyes, that she's made her point;
the "bad" side of his profile turns to look at the TRANSLATOR, his
expression hard as sculpted ice.

LINDA
(excited) Is he a "spy"? Right here in
our offices? (no response) What'll you
do to him?

LELAND
Stop using him as a translator.

LINDA
(deflating) Oh.

He starts back to his office, but stops and turns, a hint of
amazement in his eyes.

LELAND
How did you know to stay quiet?

LINDA
The Fighting 69th. Brenda Marshall and
 Cary Grant.

LELAND
 I see.

LINDA
 They cut out his tongue.

He can't help but CHUCKLE, then LAUGH out loud as he heads back into his office and shuts the door.

CLOSE ON LINDA: proud of herself in spite of it.

LINDA'S NARRATION
 A week later, I called the service that had been recommending that translator to the refugees. He was no longer available, they said. As a matter of fact, he'd suddenly disappeared.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: LELAND'S DOOR OPENING to reveal him shaking the translator's hand and, with uncharacteristic warmth, bidding him goodbye.

CUT TO:

INT. SECRETARIAL STATION - DAY
 Where "HELGA", a thick-set GERMAN WOMAN who's built like a TANK, is angrily packing up her desk, giving LINDA one hell of a TONGUE-LASHING, IN GERMAN, while she's at it.

LINDA
 Whoa! This isn't my fault, okay?
 Anyway, what's the big deal? You're just being transferred to accounting...!

Taking her seat, Linda rolls paper into the typewriter and begins to type, HELGA, glowering over her, pointing a finger in her face.

HELGA
 (thick German accent) Don't 'tink I'm shtoopid. You shleepin' vit Mister Leland!

LINDA
 (calmly typing) I'm not shleepin' with Mister Leland.

HELGA
 (derisive) Ha!

HELGA TURNS and STOMPS OFF.

LINDA
(no one to hear her) I'm shleepin' with
Mister Berringer.

CUT TO:

INT. BERRINGER'S APT. - NIGHT

WILD SEX - ALL WE SEE is ARMS and LEGS - hands knocking over
candelabras and wine-glasses that go crashing to the floor. They
seem to be on a dining room table.

LINDA'S NARRATION
You might say I'd found a position at the
top of the firm.

CUT TO:

INT. LAW FIRM LOBBY - MORNING

LINDA and BERRINGER, happening to arrive at the elevator at the
same time, from opposite directions - at the same moment as ED
LELAND.

BERRINGER
Miss Voss, Ed...

LINDA
Mister Berringer, Mister Leland...

LELAND
Miss Voss.

The DOORS CLOSE: they ride up in silence.

BERRINGER
You finish that Ahlberg letter?

LINDA
Haven't proofed it yet.

The next exchange is in GERMAN: Leland presuming they're talking
business.

BERRINGER
[SUBTITLED] Was it good for you, last
night?

LINDA
[SUBTITLED] Quite nice. And you?

BERRINGER
(in English) Good.

The DOORS OPEN: they STEP OUT.

BBC INTERVIEWER
Excuse me...

The PICTURE FREEZE-FRAMES.

BBC INTERVIEWER
We seem to be digressing.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - THE PRESENT

The tilt of Linda's head indicates irritation at having been interrupted.

BBC INTERVIEWER
(patronizing) Your love affair with John Berringer is all very "amusing" - but we're interested in the war.

LINDA
(chilly) I see.

BBC INTERVIEWER
(unnerved by her tone) So. Well. (a beat to collect his thoughts) Where were you, for instance, when the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor?

LINDA
In bed with John Berringer.

CUT TO:

INT. BERRINGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

LINDA and JOHN in BED - listening, STUNNED, to F.D.R.'s VOICE on the RADIO.

F.D.R.'S VOICE
(over RADIO) Yesterday, December 7th, 1941,...a date which will live in infamy...the United States of America...was suddenly, and deliberately attacked...by naval and air forces...of the Empire of Japan...

A loud RAPPING at the DOOR, startles them.

LINDA
(moving fast) It's the doorman. I asked him to bring up the newspapers the minute they arrived.

Pulling on a robe (one of NAN BERRINGER'S), she heads for the door, grabbing a purse to get some change as she goes. The RAPPING on the door becomes insistent; it's downright "BANGING" now.

ANOTHER ANGLE: she opens the DOOR, coming face-to-face with ED LELAND, his suitcase in hand. Both stand STUNNED; the MOMENT BROKEN by the appearance of JOHN - dressed only in his boxer shorts. He too, turns to STONE.

ANGLE ON ALL: paralyzed.

JOHN

Is that - letter ready - Miss Voss?

CLOSE ON LELAND: DUMBFOUNDED.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Pearl Harbor changed all of our lives.

CUT TO:

PENN STATION - DECEMBER 1941

The high-spirited chaos of "Lets-Go-To-War" New York; thousands of G.I.'s, and their families swarming to the accompaniment of an ARMY BAND playing Chatanooga Choo-choo ---- CAMERA PANNING to reveal ED LELAND in FULL MILITARY UNIFORM, moving with a lockjawed sense of purpose, his entourage, and a PORTER half-running to keep up with him.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

It brought everything out of the closet - including Ed Leland's uniform, that of a full Military Colonel working for the Office of Strategic Services. His job: to gather information from behind enemy lines.

ANGLE ON LINDA: dressed for travel and juggling hand luggage while she pushes her father's wheelchair, her mother struggling to keep up alongside. Ahead of them, with Leland, is John Berringer, a freckle-faced guy named KERNOHAN, and a beefy bodyguard-type named PETE.

BBC INTERVIEWER

So at last you're doing "espionage"...?

PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM

"Announcing departure of the American Flier to Washington D.C., now leaving, track 29..."

LELAND

(over his shoulder) Let's hike!

They break into a run, LINDA hurriedly embracing her parents goodbye.

MOTHER

(fighting tears) Watch your mouth, don't talk back to people...

FATHER

Don't trust them. They're Nazi's!

LELAND

(stopped) Linda. Now!

ANGLE ON THE TRAIN: Its WHISTLE SHRIEKING as LINDA, JOHN, and LELAND SCRAMBLE ABOARD.

LINDA
(through tears) Bye, Pop...! I'll call
ya! I'll write...!

With a HISS OF STEAM and CHUG-CHUG-CHUG...

WE CUT TO:

WAR-TIME WASHINGTON: DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

Establishing shot; set to the accompaniment of Glenn Miller SWING MUSIC.

LINDA'S NARRATION
Yes, I was doing "espionage". But not
the kind they make movies about.

DOCUMENTARY FOOTAGE

G.I.'s jitterbugging; street-corner draft-induction centers;
civilians giving blood - all in a party atmosphere.

LINDA'S NARRATION
While America went to war, I went into a
basement.

EXT. WAR DEPARTMENT - DAY
CAMERA MOVING IN.

LINDA'S NARRATION
With Ed Leland still disappearing on his
"mystery trips", I toiled twenty hours a
day, deep in the catacombs of the War
Department - sorting, filing, and
distributing information sent in by our
agents in the field:

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT BASEMENT - SAME

A smoke-and-body-filled bull-pen where phones never stop ringing
and telex's chatter like machine guns; CLOSE ANGLES ON HANDS
working at typewriters and in filing cabinets.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)
Trivial information. Like the bus
schedules in Warsaw, the price of flour
and sugar in Cologne. If our spies were
learning anything important, it was
coming in on the floors above me, where
they saw the light of day.

CAMERA FINDING LINDA, overworked and underslept, with a Camel
Cigarette dangling from her mouth, working like a one man band -
collating, filing, trying to hear through a phone that's pressed
to her ear as she SHOUTS to be HEARD over the din.

LINDA

(into phone) Yes! Is this the London Office?! I'm looking for Ed Leland, has anyone there seen him?! I know he's supposed to be here, that's why I'm calling! (beat) His secretary. Please.

Hanging up, she pauses, her face etched with worry - then SNATCHES UP a RINGING PHONE.

LINDA

Yes?! (disappointed) Hi - no. I have no idea, I just tried. (hefting a stack of files) Soon as I hear.

Hanging up, she heads toward a cabinet where she dumps her files, then EXITS into a CORRIDOR, CAMERA MOVING with her, as the FRECKLE-FACED man, KERNOHAN, urgently approaches, a sealed document in hand.

KERNOHAN

(falling in alongside) No luck?

LINDA

(on the move) Not yet.

KERNOHAN

We've gotta find him. We've got trouble.

LINDA

Doin' my best, Tom.

Veering toward a flight of STAIRS, she leaves him behind.

KERNOHAN

(calling after her) If you should happen to talk to him, give him the message "our Zipper broke."

LINDA

Our Zipper broke. (to herself) Whatever that means.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

As she rounds the landing and ENTERS a suite marked "OSS PLACEMENT", its waiting room filled with REFUGEES. Passing a receptionist, she KNOCKS on a door marked "JOHN BERRINGER" - and ENTERS.

INT. BERRINGER'S OFFICE - SAME

He's interrupted mid-laugh on a phone call, quickly cooling it.

BERRINGER

(into phone) Right. Call you back. Soon. (hangs up; to Linda) Yes.

LINDA
I'm worried about Ed.

BERRINGER
I wouldn't worry about Ed.

LINDA
He's almost a week overdue, and his last cable said "Camp Brady". That's German-occupied Poland.

BERRINGER
I wouldn't get overwrought...

LINDA
How the hell does he do that? He doesn't speak any languages.

BERRINGER
(minimizing) He gets in and out fast, with lots of support. Having a death-wish helps...

His voice drifts off as he sees she's SPOTTED SOMETHING: a fresh-pressed tuxedo, bagged in plastic, hanging on the back of the door.

BERRINGER
(uneasy) Premiere of the Symphony tonight. I assumed you'd be working.

His tone causes her stomach to tighten; she turns to him with puzzled eyes.

BERRINGER
Like I said - don't get overwrought.

LINDA
Is something going on?

BERRINGER
I'm going to the symphony.

LINDA
The world's going to hell, and you're going to the symphony?

BERRINGER
I miss the symphony.

LINDA
Then why don't you ask me to take the night off? I've never been to one in my life.

His intercom buzzes: he doesn't take it.

SECRETARY'S VOICE
(through intercom) Excuse me, but your wife says she's going out, and if you're not planning to call her back right away, she'll see you at eight.

CLOSE ON LINDA: sickened.

BERRINGER
(into intercom) Fine.

ANGLE ON BOTH: frozen in place.

LINDA
Your "wife"?

BERRINGER
(chagrined) Yeah. Can you believe that? She decided not to go through with it. Went to Bermuda and thought things over...(a helpless shrug)

Silence.

LINDA
How long has she been here?

BERRINGER
On and off - couple - I don't know - Two. Maybe. Months.

LINDA
Staying with you?

BERRINGER
No. With Ed.

LINDA
(another blow) He knows you've been seeing her.

Knowing it's time, he performs euthanasia. Badly.

BERRINGER
Y'know. Like you say. You've never been to a concert. We're very different, you and me.

The tilt of her head is to keep tears from spilling; she turns to the window where, in the distance, a MARCHING BAND, an ARMY UNIT, parading in front of the White House, goes by.

BERRINGER
Not that you're not a terrific girl....

CAMERA MOVING IN ON LINDA as we BEGIN TO HEAR a dance band, with a GIRL SINGER, playing "I'll Be Seeing You...in all the familiar places...."

CUTTING TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT "CANTEEN" - NIGHT

The dance floor full of uniforms, G.I.'s dancing close with their girls, in that sweet, soon-to-be-shipped-out, way ---- CAMERA FINDING LINDA alone at a table, a cigarette in hand, her reddened eyes no longer capable of tears.

WAITER

(re: her half-filled glass) 'Nother
bourbon and coke?

Looking up, she SPOTS SOMETHING ---- CAMERA SWINGING to her POV to REVEAL ED LELAND ENTERING. Wearing a flier's jacket and boots, he looks more like Indiana Jones than a military man; his eyes scan the dark, finding what they're looking for.

ANOTHER ANGLE FROM HIS POV: LINDA - an island of loneliness - making eye contact; turning away.

ANGLE ON LELAND: CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM as he approaches her, and sits, she aware of him, but refusing to acknowledge. Taking a long drag of her cigarette, she eyes the dance floor - catching the eye of a G.I. at a nearby table, whose friends seem to be encouraging him to approach her.

LELAND

Since when do you smoke?

LINDA

Not too observant for a big time spy.

Taking the cigarette from her mouth, he snuffs it - but she's lit another one by the time he's put it out.

LELAND

I looked for you in the office.

LINDA

("who cares?") I figured you were dead.

LELAND

Do you have any idea what it's like
trying to travel around the world
"incognito", with messages catching up to
me everywhere that my "secretary is
looking for me?"

LINDA

I was worried.

LELAND

You do seem to get a little too attached
to the people you work for.

Her eyes FLASH WITH INSULT.

LELAND
I just got in. Ran into Berringer.

LINDA
This must have amused you Harvard boys.

LELAND
For God's sake, Linda, what did you expect?

She'd answer, but for a fast-thickening voice.

LINDA
(with difficulty) Crazy me.

Stubbing out her cigarette, she rises. The G.I. rises, too.

LELAND
Sit down.

LINDA
Hell with you.

PASSING G.I.
Want to dance?

LELAND
She's busy.

LINDA
(defiant) I'd love to.

Turning on her heel, she follows the G.I. to the dance floor, but when the G.I. turns to assume the position, he sees LELAND looming over her shoulder.

LELAND
I'm cutting in.

G.I.
Wait a second...!

LELAND
(evenly) Back off, or I'll have to leave here with your Adam's Apple in my pocket.

The G.I. BACKS OFF, FAST - LELAND taking LINDA, who tries to resist, struggling futilely against him, until she gives up, sinking helplessly into his arms.

LINDA
I hate you. I -

LELAND
Rest your mouth, for a change.

She does - but only for a moment.

LINDA
You're a terrible dancer.

And she BURSTS INTO TEARS, his hand reaching up and gently guiding her head onto his shoulder where she openly weeps, as the music (The White Cliffs of Dover) plays on.

Looking up, LELAND spots KERNOHAN ENTERING, a file-folder in hand, a look of URGENCY in his eyes. Targeting LELAND, he heads toward - STOPPED by a slow and firm headshake - Leland signaling "No."

Frustrated, KERNOHAN pulls a marker pen from his pocket and scrawls on the back of his file the word "ZIPPER" - holding it up for LELAND to see; LELAND, without Linda's being aware of it, reiterates his headshake: "No."

Giving up, KERNOHAN fades back into the darkness, LINDA settling in against LELAND, closing her eyes as she sniffles herself into silence.

LINDA
I got snot on your jacket, is that all right?

His grin says "that's our Linda".

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM - NEXT DAY

The GRIN wiped off LELAND'S FACE as he gazes at a shocking PHOTOGRAPH: an 8X10, blurred, Black and White of a man hanging by the neck; naked except for underpants and shoes; a bouquet of flowers, apparently shoved down his throat, protruding from his mouth.

KERNOHAN (O.S.)
This was taken at 4:00 on Wednesday. He was alive an hour earlier; seen, buying flowers, in Alexanderplatz, at 3:00.

LINDA peers over LELAND'S SHOULDER, recoiling at what she sees.

LELAND
(puzzled) Captured, and killed, in the same day?

KERNOHAN
Same hour - which means it wasn't the Gestapo. When they catch one, he's out of circulation for weeks, while they play games with him, before finishing him off.

LELAND
(troubled) So, who did it?

KERNOHAN

No idea. My hope is that it was some back-alley adventure, unrelated to what he was doing for us - and that the information he was mining is still there to be mined.

CLOSE ON LELAND: grim.

LINDA

Who was he?

CUT TO:

INT. WAR ROOM - LATER

The awful PHOTO, enlarged on a PROJECTION SCREEN.

LELAND (O.S.)

Albert Eckert. Code-named "Zipper":

With a "CLICK", the SLIDE CHANGES to a PHOTO of ECKERT in life: a round-faced, twinkly-eyed, effete man, wearing a hat and bowtie.

LELAND (CONT'D)

A society dress designer, popular with the wives of high-ranking S.S. Officials, in Berlin. That is, until last Wednesday.

WISECRACKERS

Maybe somebody didn't like his latest design....I think he designs for my wife...!

GROUP LAUGHTER is stifled by LELAND'S glowering FACE: his "bad" side illuminated by the projection screen he stands beside.

WISECRACKERS

(wilting) Sorry Ed....Sorry.

ANGLE ON THE GROUP: mostly men, some in uniform, gathered around a conference table; BERRINGER is there, LINDA too, looking not much happier than when we saw her last night.

LELAND

He came onto our payroll in '39, believing Hitler was the death of all things beautiful. And for his belief, he put his life on the line; which is more than anyone in this room is about to do.

CLOSE ON LINDA: impacted.

"CLICK": the SLIDE CHANGES to a photo-portrait of a hefty GERMAN FRAU (Hedda Drescher), looking like a pork-sausage in frills; LELAND pauses long, daring anyone to laugh.

LELAND

His value to us was his close friendship with Hedda Drescher. Wife of Horst Drescher....

"CLICK": PHOTO of HORST DRESCHER: a cold-eyed NAZI with a POCKMARKED FACE.

LELAND

...a social-climbing young Nazi in the Weirmacht Office of Industry - who ingratiates himself to his superiors by hosting elegant dinner parties, in his beautiful home, which was appropriated from Jews....where he serves fine wines, looted from the wine-cellars of Paris.

WISE-CRACKER

I bet Hedda was glad they took Poland --- for the sausages! (gasps with laughter) Sorry. Sorry. I was up all night.

He BURSTS OUT LAUGHING AGAIN, clearly unable to control himself, and staggers from the room, heard laughing as he retreats down the hall.

LELAND

Do we need to break for dinner?

OTHERS

(at once) No, no...go 'head....

"CLICK": GROUP PORTRAIT of Hedda, Horst, and dinner guests at their well-appointed table.

LELAND

The simple genius of Eckert's method was to bring Hedda a new gown for each of these occasions, and help her dress in the upstairs study, where he was allowed to "linger", for a cordial, once the party began....

CLOSE ON LINDA: FASCINATED; CAMERA MOVING IN ON HER...

LELAND (CONT'D)

...at which time he'd lock the door, and take microfilm of documents that Drescher was in the habit of bringing home at night.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of LINDA; ENRAPT.

LELAND

Documents like these...

"CLICK": enlarged photocopies of INDUSTRIAL DESIGNS.

LELAND

...which were, at first, as confusing as isolated pieces of a jigsaw puzzle....but which have now been put together to make it clear that, somewhere in Germany,... scientists are developing a bomb that can fly by itself.

CLOSE ON FACES: sobered.

MAN #1 (IN UNIFORM)

How far could it fly?

LELAND

How far is England from German-occupied France?

LINDA

(quick as a quiz-kid) Eleven miles across the Channel.

LELAND

(re: documents on screen) Here's one equipped with a timer, so if it's sent over at night, it'll tick 'til morning, taking the civilian population by surprise. (re: another) Here's one designed to spring a slow leak on impact, oozing nerve gas...

FLICKING ON the LIGHTS - HE GIVES the BOTTOM LINE.

LELAND

We're looking to replace Eckert - and do it fast; get somebody back into Horst Drescher's study to find out where this work is being done....so that before anything is tested, built, or stockpiled...we can wipe it out.

CLOSE ON LINDA: breathless.

LELAND

We'll break for dinner and reconvene with our files.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT CAFETERIA - NIGHT

LINDA in line between LELAND and BERRINGER (KERNOHAN behind them), all selecting food, LINDA preoccupied to the point of ferocity.

BERRINGER

(To Leland) Why not turn this over to the "Brits"? Isn't this really their problem? If the bomb is designed to cross the Channel....

LINDA

What a great attitude! "That's somebody else's problem!" That's exactly why Hitler's where he is today! Don't you think it's a little too late to become an isolationist, John?!!

Her outburst SHUTS EVERYBODY UP; they pay, heading for a table.

ANOTHER ANGLE as THEY SETTLE INTO A BOOTH - LINDA, BERRINGER, LELAND, and KERNOHAN - All eating in silence.

BERRINGER

(suddenly) What about Hugo Drier?! He was a cabinet maker! The guy from Leipzig? If we're trying to get into someone's study....

LINDA

(overriding) They'll let him take apart all their cabinets with secret documents in them. Good thinking, John.

Embarrassed silence - Linda ferociously cutting and eating her food.

LELAND

(to save him) It is a good idea, but Drier's in Poland.

BERRINGER

Ah.

More silence; more eating.

BERRINGER

(a finger-snap) Eric Erdmann! Remember him?! The German Professor at Tufts? He's perfect! Born and raised in Munich...!

LINDA

(in a mock German accent) "How do you do, Herr Drescher, I'm professor Erdmann. Why don't vee be best friends, Vee play hide and seek, you lock me in your study for a few days." Is that how it'll work, John?

He puts down his napkin; no idea how to deal with her.

LINDA

It took Eckert years to gain their confidence. You think some "stranger" can just "move right in" and be given the run of the house?! That is what you need though. Someone who can "move in." Literally. Live there. Like a domestic. Or someone who could pass for a domestic. Not a "college professor"; someone "low class". Someone with the accent of - a "Berlin Butcher's Wife".

The men make eye contact.

LELAND

(casually) Out of the question.

LINDA

(in earnest) Why not? I know the codes, the network, the whole operation...!

LELAND

You're a secretary.

LINDA

I could pass for a Berliner! I could get into that house!

LELAND

(unequivocally) No.

LINDA

(appealing for help) John - ?

BERRINGER

She does have the accent.

LINDA

Now, how did I know he wouldn't mind seeing me go!?

LELAND

(getting up) I'll be in my office.

BERRINGER

(following) I'll get the files.

KERNOHAN

(to Linda) You're crazy.

Getting to her feet, she smarts with FRUSTRATION.

LINDA

Goddammit...!

LELAND'S OUT THE DOOR: SHE HEADS AFTER HIM.

CUT TO:

EXT. - CONTINUOUS

LELAND striding out of the WAR DEPARTMENT - she CLOSE BEHIND HIM.

LINDA

Ed. Wait!

LELAND

There's a beautiful simplicity in this, isn't there, Linda. It goes stinko with John Berringer, so you choose a noble suicide.

LINDA

Why, when you do it is it called "heroic", and when I do it, it's called "suicide"?

LELAND

'Cause you're not suited to it.

LINDA

Oh, I'm not suited to it?! You can't even speak German!

LELAND

(stopped) And you can't hold your tongue! That's why you're not suited to it, why you'll never be suited to it! You're impulsive and obstinate, everything on your mind just spills out your mouth, I saw it the first time I met you, you defied me without even knowing who I was or what I wanted, you're completely ruled by your emotions, and that makes you dangerous!

LINDA

(jaw-to-jaw) It's more my war than it is yours!

LELAND

What a ridiculous thing to say.

LINDA

I'm a Jew!

LELAND

You're a Mishling.

LINDA

Very good, Ed. Who taught you the word for "mongrel?" - And it's pronounced Miccchhhling!

LELAND
 Hitler taught it to me! You know what
 he's doing to Jews? Even half-Jews?
 One-tenth-Jews?!

LINDA
 Of course I do. I have relatives still
 hiding there.

LELAND
 I doubt it.

LINDA
 That they're still hiding...?

LELAND
 That you know what's happening.

He stops, reluctant to continue, her silence baiting him.

LELAND
 That's what I was doing in Poland.
 Trying to find out if it was true.
 (sobered) Death camps.

LINDA
 (correcting) "Work camps".

LELAND
 Extermination Camps. Where ten thousand
 are killed in a day. Men, women and
 children, packed into freight cars like
 cattle, from all the occupied countries,
 arriving there night and day...

CLOSE ON LINDA: stunned.

LINDA
 You saw this?

LELAND
 Photos.

LINDA
 (on a breath) Such a thing could happen?

LELAND
 No. But it's happening.

From the dead of night a SIREN BEGINS TO WAIL, LELAND'S eyes
 lighting with alarm.

LINDA
 Civil Defense exercise. They started
 last week, when someone sighted a
 submarine in Long Island Sound.

MORE SIRENS join in, their volume rising like a chorus of BANSHEES...the lights of the city turning out, around them.

ANGLE ON THEM: gazing into each other's eyes.

LINDA

I'll quit if you don't let me go. I'll go to Britain and apply to the O.S.S. school. With my accent, they'll take me.

LELAND

Because they won't care if you live or die.

LINDA

Why should they care? Thousands are dying...!

LELAND

You won't be one of them.

LINDA

I'm quitting, then.

LELAND

I'll miss you.

He TURNS, moving back toward the building.

LINDA

Damn you...!

LELAND

No.

Eyes glistening with tears of frustration, she STAMPS HER FOOT as she watches him go.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Her suitcase opened on the bed; sweaters and blouses thrown into it ---- CAMERA PANNING to find LINDA, on her knees, bent over the bottom drawer of her bureau, her motion slowing as she withdraws a stack of letters and memorabilia, bound with a silk ribbon, which she unties.

CLOSE ON HER FACE ---- PANNING DOWN to the objects of her fascination: an aged PHOTO of her grandmother with a little boy (Linda's father) beside her; another photo, her father and mother on their wedding day; several GERMAN RECIPES ("Salacht Geracht", "Schweitzkodel" - with magazine photographs of the finished products scotch-taped to them) ---- and a LETTER: the one her father read to her years ago - from which she delicately removes the PHOTOGRAPH of her aunts and cousin, Hannah, Sofi (proudly holding her flute), and Leisel Weiss.

CAMERA PANS UP TO LINDA'S FACE - as an IDEA flashes through her eyes, her jaw hardening with DETERMINATION. DROPPING EVERYTHING, she EXITS frame, her determined footfall heard heading into the KITCHEN when WE HEAR cupboards banging open, pots and pans clattering, an oven door slamming open and shut.

CUT TO:

EXT. LELAND'S TOWNHOUSE - LATE NIGHT

LELAND seen pulling on a robe, as he responds to the INSISTENT RINGING of a BELL.

ANOTHER ANGLE: he opens the DOOR, blinking with surprise to see LINDA standing before him - a covered basket in her hands.

LINDA

(trembling with intensity) I want you to taste my Kugelstrudel, Mister Leland. The way my grandmother taught me to make it. And my Klackenbröehn. She taught me to cook, German style, the way my father likes it, because my mother wouldn't - or couldn't - and I could cook for a party of fifty if I had to; five courses, the way they like it in Berlin - and on nights when there are no parties, I can bring tea and strudel up to the Drescher's study in the evening - and put a little Schnapps in the tea - so Horst and Hedda would retire early, leaving me alone, to "clean up..." (tears of earnestness well up in her eyes) I cook. I have the accent. I know the drill. And this is not about John Berringer, Goddammit, I want to do something important. I want to stop people from dying in this war! I'd rather get strung up, like Albert Eckert, for trying to do something important, than slowly die in a basement in Washington, typing stupid forms.....!!

OVERWHELMED, she pushes a Kugelstrudel at his mouth.

LINDA

Taste.

He reflexively opens and she PUSHES THE WHOLE THING IN - watching, hopefully, as he struggles to chew.

LINDA

(pleading) C'mon, Ed. What do you say?

With difficulty - an audible "GLUG" - he manages to swallow.

LELAND

Maybe a touch more cinnamon.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: A GERMAN PASSPORT

Being stamped with an "A" for Aryan - as WE HEAR the strains of: I've Always Wanted to Waltz in Berlin. The PHOTO on the passport is that of a young girl named "LINA ALBRECHT", her hair cut Annie-Lennox-short, in a three-quarter cheese-cake pose, that makes her all but impossible to recognize as LINDA VOSS.

BBC INTERVIEWER

So he agreed?

LINDA'S NARRATION

He agreed to send me, for two weeks only.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - THE PRESENT

LINDA

The condition was - that whether I succeeded or not - I would come out of Berlin in exactly two weeks.

BBC INTERVIEWER

What about "training"? Survival skills.

LINDA

The James Bond stuff? No time.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE (DC-3) - in flight - DAY

CAMERA PANNING FACES of travellers...to find LINDA, her appearance normal - save that she's wearing a wig to conceal the short haircut beneath, and carrying a box-like WICKER PURSE in her lap.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I did learn how to photograph documents with the world's smallest camera, and write messages in handwriting so tiny that a grasshopper would need glasses to read it...

ANGLE ON THE WICKER PURSE, as she surreptitiously "tests" a secret compartment that springs open, like a trapdoor, beneath it.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

...and they gave me a purse that was apparently all the rage with lady spies in Europe.

STEWARDESS'S VOICE

(over P.A.) Please belt in for our landing in Geneva...

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

But, beyond that, it was all "guts".

CAMERA HAS PANNED to reveal LELAND, travelling "alone".

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

Ed Leland would escort me to Switzerland, where, at a train station, I'd be turned over to the legendary "Sunflower"... who would take me into Berlin.

CUT TO:

INT. GENEVA TRAIN STATION - DAY

A neutral traffic-center where the uniforms of several countries are in evidence --- CAMERA FINDING LELAND, pacing nervously, his eyes on the door of the LADIES ROOM, which SWINGS OPEN revealing "LINA ALBRECHT" - a.k.a. LINDA VOSS - with short-cropped hair, frumpy clothes, and a tattered valise, looking every inch the scullery maid she's supposed to be. The only giveaway is her eyes; she looks TERRIFIED.

Spotting LELAND, she moves stiffly forward, following him to a bench, where he sits, placing his VALISE, identical to hers, where she can sit next to it and SWITCH.

ANOTHER ANGLE: she sits, executes the switch, he noticing she's in a cold sweat; a drop of perspiration trickling down her cheek.

LELAND

(from behind a newspaper) You all right?

LINDA

Did Margaret Sullivan feel like this?

LELAND

You can still back out.

LINDA

(a subliminal headshake) Where is he?

LELAND

In front of you.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: a milling MOB.

LINDA

You can't point him out?

LELAND

(headshake) If you were arrested right now, you still wouldn't be able to identify him.

CLOSE ON LINDA: her fingers trembling as she wipes sweat from her nose.

LELAND

Just step out. He'll come to you.

LOUDSPEAKER

[SUBTITLED] Announcing today's train for Stuttgart, Frankfurt and Berlin, leaving at four o'clock...everyone on board, please.

Screwing up her courage, she stands; picks up her valise.

LELAND

I'll be right here in two weeks. Right at this spot. Two weeks from today.

She turns to say goodbye - but he's gone - the shock of his sudden absence causing an involuntary whimper to squeak out from her gut. Fighting for calm, she sucks in her breath and TURNS, MOVING INTO THE CROWD.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as she MOVES THROUGH, unapproached - hungrily studying the face of each male passerby as she MOVES TOWARD THE PLATFORM ---- finally LOCKING EYES with a handsome young man in NAZI UNIFORM. Returning her gaze, he nods, and smiles, ambling, casually, over.

LINDA

(hesitant) Herr Sonnenblume?

YOUNG NAZI

[SUBTITLED] For you, I would pick a bouquet of Sunflowers.

LINDA

[SUBTITLED] Are you...?

Before she can finish, she's GRABBED by the elbow and WHISKED AWAY by a puckery-faced man in his seventies, knobby-kneed and rigidly postured, utterly MORTIFIED at having had to rescue her in their first moment of meeting. He speaks under his breath, in English - with a disdainful British accent. (Yes, it is GIELGUD.)

SUNFLOWER (FRIEDRICHS)

Say nothing, eyes down, and try not to engage in any more seductions. Where did they find you? In a Coney Island burlesque hall?

CLOSE ON LINDA: feet hustling as she's pulled alongside.

SUNFLOWER (CONT'D)

Smile at me. You're supposed to be my cook, but I want people to think we're having an affair. Thus I brought you to Switzerland.

They make eye contact.

SUNFLOWER

I said smile.

She SMILES like a woman checking her teeth for spinach; the TRAIN WHISTLES its DEPARTURE.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - SAME

As SUNFLOWER hustles her in and hurriedly locks the door, pulling the shade - then turns to assess her, LINDA DAZED by the entire proceeding.

SUNFLOWER

Are you mute?

LINDA

You said not to speak.

SUNFLOWER

[SUBTITLED] In German please.

LINDA

[SUBTITLED] You spoke in English.

SUNFLOWER

[SUBTITLED] Dear God, your accent!

LINDA

[SUBTITLED] What's wrong with my accent?!

SUNFLOWER

[SUBTITLED] It's from the gutter.

LINDA

[SUBTITLED] It's supposed to be! I'm a cook!

SUNFLOWER

[SUBTITLED] But not one that Drescher would accept! Don't you know he's a man of great pretensions?! With that vulgar sound, he won't let you in the door!

BBC INTERVIEWER (OVER)

(interrupting) Excuse me....

LINDA'S NARRATION

[SUBTITLED] I guess I couldn't blame him...

BBC INTERVIEWER (OVER)

(persisting) Might I interrupt....?

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

LINDA, stopped mid-sentence, "jolted" out of her reverie.

BBC INTERVIEWER
Are you aware - you're speaking in
German?

LINDA
(a laugh) Sorry. (smacks her head) I
remember it in German.

BBC INTERVIEWER
(hesitant) Could you - remember it in
English, please...?

Giving it a moment's thought, she NODS.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. THE TRAIN - WHERE WE LEFT OFF
Reprising the last moment - in English [German-accented].

LINDA
(re: her accent) It's supposed to be!
I'm a cook!

SUNFLOWER
But not one that Drescher would accept!
Don't you know he's a man of great
pretentions?! With that vulgar sound, he
won't let you in the door!

CLOSE ON LINDA: near tears.

SUNFLOWER
Dear God, what did they send me?

There is a SHARP KNOCK at the DOOR.

SUNFLOWER
Don't speak. Sit down. Pretend to be
asleep.

LINDA
How can I be asleep? I just walked in!

SUNFLOWER
(flustered) Do not talk back to me, you
are my servant!

He OPENS the DOOR for a TRAIN CONDUCTOR who ENTERS, asking for
tickets; SUNFLOWER hands him TWO as LINDA, looking like a Kean
painting, watches with frightened eyes.

LINDA'S NARRATION
I guess I couldn't blame him.

The TRAIN LURCHES, beginning to MOVE...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN - EVENING
CHUGGING ACROSS THE SWISS COUNTRYSIDE.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)
Konrad Friedrichs, known as "Sunflower",
had become a spy - by my calculations -
around the year I was potty-trained.
Classically trained, and a veteran of two
wars, he was now partnered with me -
whose only qualification, as he was quick
to point out...

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN COMPARTMENT - SAME
CLOSE ON FRIEDRICHS: nostrils flared with insult as he ignores
her.

LINDA'S NARRATION
...was that I was born to some "low class
individuals" from Berlin.

With a SUDDEN "HISS" of hydraulics, the TRAIN SLOWS - CAMERA
PANNING TO LINDA who looks out the window to see the APPROACHING
GERMAN BORDER. With a sudden JOLT, the TRAIN JERKS TO A STOP;
LINDA, getting her first sight of SWASTIKAS, SUCKS IN HER BREATH.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: NAZI SOLDIERS - moving on a scaffolding
that's been rolled alongside the windows, so they can see into
every compartment of the train.

SUNFLOWER
(as he reads a paper) Now its time for
you to sleep. Give me your passport.

Opening her purse, she quickly does - remembering at the last
moment to pull out some miscellaneous papers and money she has
tucked into it - among it, the PHOTOGRAPH of HANNAH, LEISEL and
SOFI WEISS - which catches SUNFLOWER'S eye.

LINDA
My family.

SUNFLOWER
(re: the photo) I don't know what's
happening to the O.S.S. These people
don't even look German.

A SHARP BANGING on the DOOR, SUNFLOWER OPENING it to ADMIT TWO
NAZI SOLDIERS, one of whom checks their papers while the other
makes a cursory examination of the compartment, giving LINDA the
evil eye.

CLOSE ON HER - having forgotten to be asleep - issuing the smile
of a woman placating a Doberman Pinscher --- as, with a CLICK OF
THEIR HEELS, they hand back the papers and EXIT, LINDA not having
breathed the whole time they were there.

WITH A "CHUG-CHUG-CHUG", the TRAIN begins to MOVE, LINDA looking back to see the BORDER GATES SLAM SHUT BEHIND HER, the finality of it registering in her eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

DARK and CAVERNOUS, its hundreds of rail lines alive with troop movement - but there's no Chatanooga-Choo-Choo being played here. Dark and ominous, the SOLDIERS move in obedient silence to the shrill cries of their commandants, whose orders echo with the spine-tingling clarity of night-birds in a jungle....CAMERA PANNING TO LINDA'S TRAIN PULLING IN....HER FACE FILLING OUR FRAME as she gazes, bug-eyed, out the window.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THE TRAIN: as SUNFLOWER STEPS OFF in a cloud of steam - LINDA, hustling subserviently, behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

LINDA, as though in a dream, staring at the passing city of BERLIN.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: as we pass gothic architecture, a magnificent church with towering spires ---- then TURN A CORNER to see a block of devastation: shattered store-fronts with the word "JUDEN", and SWASTIKAS, painted on them; the remains of a SYNAGOGUE, lying in rubble.

ANGLE ON A STREET-SIGN that reads "ALEXANDERPLATZ" ---- WE TURN ANOTHER CORNER, passing a sign, with an ARROW that reads "ZOO".

TAXI DRIVER

They say they'll be bombing Berlin, soon.
The Americans. Do you think it's true?

SUNFLOWER

Just drive. Don't talk, please.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILHELMSPLATZ SECTION - NIGHT

As the TAXI pulls up in front of a small cobblestone house, SUNFLOWER getting out and heading up the walk empty-handed - leaving LINDA to carry the bags.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME

As LINDA ENTERS, SUNFLOWER having waited at the door, closing it behind her.

SUNFLOWER

Follow me.

She does, stumbling in the dark as they step into a recessed living room, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM as they pass through a DARKENED KITCHEN, and down some BASEMENT STAIRS - LINDA misstepping - but catching herself - Friedrichs making no effort to assist.

At the bottom, he jerks the pull-string to a bare-bulb, illuminating a small CEMENT CUBICLE inside of which is a cot, a primitive toilet with only a pull-curtain to shield it; it is windowless, except for a small pane of glass, up high at ground level, which has been painted black.

CLOSE ON LINDA: heartsick.

SUNFLOWER

Toilet. Washbasin. You'll stay in here until I decide what to do.

He LEAVES, SLIDING A BOLT SHUT on the opposite side of the door; LINDA sinks onto the cot, staring bleakly at the walls.

FADE OUT.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. FRIEDRICHS HOUSE - MORNING

The face of a YOUNG WOMAN (MARGRETE) comes into frame as she approaches the front door and, her arms loaded with groceries, struggles to RING the BELL. Her face is instantly appealing, mischievous and full of life. MARGRETE VON EBERSTIEN is twenty six years old, dressed in cashmere and tweed, a University girl; she takes a moment to inhale the scent of bougenvelia, and listen to the peaceful twitter of birds.

MARGRETE

(calling up; in German) Uncle
Pootzie...?!

No answer, she heads around back, CAMERA WIDENING to REVEAL the house in daylight: quaint, made of stone, covered with bougenvelia. With its orange-flowered window-boxes, you'd never guess it dwelt in a country waging genocidal war.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S BASEMENT CUBICLE - SAME

LINDA dead asleep, her valise having been opened just enough to remove nightclothes, SUDDENLY STARTLED AWAKE by a KNOCK on the darkened window-pane above her. Her heart pounding, she looks up to SEE the SHADOW OF A HAND as it KNOCKS AGAIN. Then it moves away. Sitting up, LINDA HEARS it knocking somewhere else. Then SHE HEARS, from directly ABOVE HER, a DOOR OPENING; someone's inside the house!

Her frightened eyes shift to a MAID'S UNIFORM hanging on the back of the door, and SHE LEAPS INTO ACTION, desperately yanking off her nightgown, pulling on the UNIFORM --- as SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING THE WOODEN STAIRS...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

MARGRETE spotting the BOLTED DOOR and, with a headshake of disapproval, struggling to OPEN IT --- then PUSHING OPEN the DOOR.

ANGLE ON LINDA: gulping with fear, the uniform barely pulled on, a broom held across her chest.

MARGRETE
(a laugh) [SUBTITLED] I'm sorry I frightened you - No one answered the door.

LINDA
[SUBTITLED] Herr Friedrichs is not at home,...

MARGRETE
(ebullient) [SUBTITLED] Well, he's wrong about your accent, it's charming.

BBC INTERVIEWER (OVER)
(reminding) English, please.

MARGRETE
(gesturing) Come.

Grabbing Linda's hand, she PULLS her up the STAIRS.

MARGRETE
He said if your cooking was anything like your accent, it was "strictly for Beer Halls"! I'm taking a week off work, at the War Department, to teach you some grammar and some high-German Cuisine.

Sweeping into the KITCHEN, MARGRETE pulls down windowshades, opening the fridge to get a drink...

MARGRETE (CONT'D)
And, believe me, you're going to need it. We're putting you into Drescher's house one week from today, to cook for a party which is most important to him. His temper is legendary when things go wrong.

ANGLE ON LINDA: speechless.

MARGRETE
My Uncle didn't tell you I was coming?

LINDA

I - just arrived last night, Fraulein...

MARGRETE SMILES, extending her hand; her eyes twinkle with mischief.

MARGRETE

I'm Margrete Von Eberstien, of the Klaus Von Eberstiens. My father, the Baron, is an actual friend of Hitler. The Fuhrer's been to my house! But to tell you the truth, it's my mother he likes. She's a famous concert pianist, and 'Der Fuhrer', like Horst Drescher, is a man of great pretensions. Would you like to meet Der Fuhrer, Lina?

CLOSE ON LINDA: stupified.

MARGRETE

(a wink) Ed Leland said to tell you "hello".

CLOSE ON LINDA: positively MIND-BLOWN.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Margrete von Eberstien was no one I was prepared for.

ANGLE ON MARGRETE: excitedly pulling up a chair.

MARGRETE

And now you must tell me all about Clark Gable! Is he married to Vivien Leigh?

LINDA'S NARRATION

But we were "sisters" from the start.

CUT TO:

INT. FRIEDRICHS BASEMENT-KITCHEN - DAY

The two of them SQUEALING like excited schoolgirls as they GRIND SAUSAGE and stuff it into GOOSENECKS - their exuberant babble mixing German with English.

MARGRETE

(shrieking) No! Stop!

LINDA

Absolutely!

MARGRETE

Clark Gable?! I can't believe it!!

LINDA

Leslie Howard, too!

MARGRETE
 "Ashley"?! I can't stand it!

LINDA
 It's true, they're both in the Air Force.

MARGRETE
 (near fainting) My God, Ashley and Rhett
 are going to bomb Berlin!? I'm so
 excited!

LINDA
 Jimmy Stewart, too.

MARGRETE
 (unfamiliar with him) "Jimmy.....?"

LINDA
 Did you see Undercover Agent?

MARGRETE
 No. Just Gone With the Wind. It was
 captured from an American submarine. The
 projector, too. But not the last part.
 How does it end?

CLOSE ON LINDA: her enthusiasm dimmed by the "capture" of Gone With the Wind; nevertheless obliging Margrete by filling her in on the rest of the story.

LINDA'S NARRATION
 With a degree in English from Brussels
 University, she loved American movies -
everything American, for that matter -
 and she hated the grimness of the Third
 Reich.

ANGLE ON MARGRETE - dispensing with her goose-stuffing, ENRAPT in
 LINDA'S rendering of the story.

LINDA'S NARRATION
 As alien to her world, as I had been in
 mine, our discovery of one another made
 us both giddy, and made the war - at
 first - seem like a game.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREET - DOWNPOURING RAIN

CLOSE ON A SWASTIKA painted on a looted store-window --- PANNING
 TO LINDA and MARGRETE, huddled in a doorway, gazing apprehensively
 through the DOWNPOUR, at something across the street.

LINDA
 That's him?

MARGRETE
 Yes.

ANGLE FROM THEIR POV: a FISHMARKET, being run by a man who, from this distance, looks to have a disability.

LINDA
How does it work?

MARGRETE
Whenever you get something, you pass it to him, he sticks it inside a squid and exports it to Norway.

LINDA
He has a hook for an arm.

MARGRETE
He lived above a Jewish store that was firebombed in '38. But it's good for handling fish.

ANGLE ON HIM, using his hook to skewer and toss fish.

LINDA
(fearful) I just "go over?"

MARGRETE
Use the signal so he'll know who you are.
Pass a message for practice.

LINDA
What message?

Their eyes meet; a mutual shrug. Then, getting an idea, LINDA digs into her wicker purse, rummaging for pen and paper - finding only a gum wrapper, which she smooths out, MARGRETE supplying the PEN and watching, as LINDA, using her palm for a flat surface, writes in her near-microscopic scrawl: "Looking for Hannah, Liesel, Sofi, Weiss."

MARGRETE
(puzzled) What is that?

LINDA
Relatives. We heard, a year ago, they were hiding in Berlin.

MARGRETE'S entire face changes. STUNNED, she PULLS LINDA deeper into the alcove.

MARGRETE
(on a breath) You're "Jewish...?!"

LINDA NODS; MARGRETE looks like she's just swallowed a frog.

MARGRETE
You've got more guts than a spring veal.

ANGLE ON BOTH: unable to suppress a sudden GIGGLE - which they quickly STIFLE - LINDA wadding up the tiny message and triggering the TRAPDOOR of her WICKER PURSE - which she tucks it into.

MARGRETE
(re: the purse) Mien Gott.

LINDA
Invented by Albert Einstien. Jewish.

They GIGGLE AGAIN - "punching" each other into silence as they MOVE to the EDGE OF THE ALCOVE, Linda girding herself as she gazes out through the rain.

MARGRETE
Ready?

LINDA
Yes.

Steeling herself, she's about to step out - but, like a kid on a high-dive, her muscles give a counter-command. Clenching her fists, she knows it's inevitable.

LINDA
This is it. This is spying.

MARGRETE
This is spying.

LINDA
Here I go.

Sucking in her breath, she dashes out into the rain.

ANOTHER ANGLE as she RUNS across the street, into the SHOP. The FISHMONGER (ROLF) turns to her - and she is STOPPED SHORT by how handsome he is; dark, with sensitive blue eyes. It leaves her almost breathless.

FISHMONGER (ROLF)
Yes.

LINDA
(hesitant) Is... 'fresh cod in season'?

FISHMONGER
(abrupt) We're closed.

LINDA
(thrown) Uh - I say, "Is Fresh Cod in season"?

For just an instant, his blue eyes FLASH A WARNING - and then the SOUND COMES; the insidious wail of an S.S. VAN rounding the CORNER and SCREECHING to a stop. LINDA drains of color as THREE S.S. MEN pile out, and into the store.

ANGLE ON MARGRETE: across the street - watching in HORROR.

ANGLE INSIDE THE STORE: LINDA PARALYZED as the BOISTEROUS TRIO swaggers inward, one SHOUTING toward the BACK. A TOILET is HEARD FLUSHING - and a FOURTH OFFICER APPEARS from the pissoir; they are apparently just picking up their comrade who was using the facilities. But on the way out, one of them stops to ASSESS LINDA, curious at her paralytic posture.

CLOSE ON LINDA: feeling him APPROACHING - holding her breath.

OFFICER

Hello. Can I see your papers?

CLOSE ON MARGRETE: across the street - paralyzed.

ANGLE ON LINDA: fumbling with her purse - accidentally TRIGGERING THE TRAP DOOR which FLIPS OPEN, much to LINDA'S and the S.S. MAN'S SURPRISE - the tiny wad of PAPER falling to LINDA'S FEET.

CLOSE ON ROLF; THINKING FAST - HE KICKS SAWDUST over the PAPER as HE HURRIES TOWARD.

ROLF

You got this at the SchleissMarkt? My wife did, too. What did you pay?

LINDA

(barely able to think) Uh - forty deutschmarke.

ROLF

(taking it) You overpaid. (demonstrates it to S.S. Man) Good for hiding valuables. 'My wife says there are pick-pockets everywhere! Why don't you boys do something about them?!

The S.S. MAN gives LINDA a long, long, look - taking her papers from her and examining them - DISTRACTED by a call from his comrades, impatient, at the door.

ANGLE ON LINDA: ashen-faced as he LOOKS UP AT HER, then SNAPS her passport closed, handing it back and heading for the door.

ANGLE ON MARGRETE: breathless, as she WATCHES THEM GO: the SIREN of their S.S. CAR giving voice to its hideous wail as it echoes down the narrow streets.

ANGLE ON LINDA: too shaken to even LOOK at ROLF, turning on her heel and scurrying out the door --- CAMERA PANNING TO ROLF: an expression of "Where the hell did they get this one."

ANGLE ON LINDA: RACING back into the safety of the ALCOVE - and into MARGRETE'S TEARFUL EMBRACE.

MARGRETE

I thought they'd got you!

LINDA
(gasping) The damn purse flew open!

MARGRETE
You're such a dope!

LINDA
You're another...!

MARGRETE PULLS BACK, emitting a GASP of LAUGHTER --- and they EMBRACE AGAIN --- our CAMERA PULLING BACK until they're blurred by the CURTAIN OF RAIN.

LINDA'S NARRATION
My friendship with Margrete Von Eberstien
was the closest I had ever known.

CAMERA HOLDS.

BBC INTERVIEWER
(hesitant) ...Did you wish to stop...?

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - THE PRESENT
LINDA unanswering - her eyes glistening with moisture.

BBC INTERVIEWER
(hazarding a guess) Something....
happened to her?

Not trusting her voice, LINDA NODS.

BBC INTERVIEWER
She was "killed"?

LINDA'S eyes lower and a tear slips out, THE CAMERA MOVING mercilessly in. Wiping her eyes, she nods.

BBC INTERVIEWER
We can stop for a bit....

LINDA shakes her head, wanting to continue:

LINDA
It's important to tell you she introduced
me to her mother.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONCERT HALL - DAY
A HUGE POSTER of a WOMAN PIANIST, captured, at her keyboard, in all her narcissistic glory --- CAMERA TILTING DOWN to REVEAL LINDA and MARGRETE standing before it, their arms filled with groceries, an uncharacteristic sobriety in Margrete's tone.

MARGRETE

She came back from a concert tour, when I was ten...calling me "pretty girl". As if she'd forgotten my name.

LINDA

She's beautiful.

MARGRETE

For a Nazi. (embittered) Won't she be surprised with her "pretty girl".

Sensing the strangeness of her mood, LINDA offers an uneasy smile; MARGRETE'S EYES suddenly lighting with MISCHIEF.

MARGRETE

I want you to meet her!

Turning on her heel, she scampers across the cobblestone street, LINDA not liking the sound of this.

LINDA

(calling after her) Margrete...!

INT. OLGA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

MARGRETE scrambling up the winding STAIRCASE of her mother's townhouse, LINDA reluctantly IN TOW. We can already HEAR PIANO MUSIC coming from upstairs.

LINDA

I really don't think this is wise....

MARGRETE

(having none of it) Nonsense, she'll suspect nothing, all she thinks about is herself, and you can try out your new "sophisticated" accent on her!

LINDA

But what if...

MARGRETE

(fed up) "What if", "what if" - !
(stopping) You'll never see this woman again! Tomorrow you're going into the home of a total barbarian. There's not a chance you'll ever see my mother again!

The realization of her immediate future hits Linda hard; her eyes glint with uncertainty as PIANO MUSIC echoes throughout the marble halls.

LINDA

And you? Will I see you again?

Avoiding the answer, Margrete extends her hand.

MARGRETE

Come. Meet Hitler's favorite piano player.

LINDA

You'll say I'm your cook?

A headshake; a mischievous grin.

MARGRETE

I want to see her kiss a Jew.

CUT TO:

INT. OLGA'S PARLOR - SAME

MARGRETE'S MOTHER, OLGA LEINER, a beautiful woman dressed in black lace, INTERRUPTED from her practicing as MARGRETE and LINDA ENTER THE ROOM. Delighted, she jumps up from the PIANO.

OLGA

(with outstretched arms) Well, if it isn't my pretty girl...!

She HUGS MARGRETE while LINDA waits nervously at her side.

MARGRETE

Mother, this is my friend from University, Lina Von Klopfer...

OLGA

(trying to place the name) Von Klopfer...?

MARGRETE

Her father is the "Baron Von Klopfer"? Of Plühn? You know the big castle in Plühn?

OLGA

(suddenly effusive) Oh, that Von Klopfer! How nice to meet you, my dear!

She PULLS LINDA into a KISS, MARGRETE grinning from ear to ear --- as WE BEGIN TO HEAR classical PIANO MUSIC.

CUTTING TO:

INT. OLGA'S PARLOR - LATER

The room cast in the golden glow of a setting sun as OLGA plays for her audience of two; LINDA turning to catch Margrete's eye - sparkling with the glint of mischief taken to its highest form.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I want to remember her as she was that day. Beautiful. Full of mischief. So much love - and hatred - within.

THE CLASSICAL PIANO CONTINUES OVER THE FOLLOWING SCENE, as we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - DAY

As a PORTLY GERMAN CHEF EXITS a BUTCHER SHOP, his arms loaded with groceries, and steps out into the street. A SUDDEN SQUEAL of TIRES causes him to TURN - but TOO LATE.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as HE is HIT, his packages flying from his arms, CAMERA FOLLOWING a string of weiner-schnitzel that goes snaking through the air until it hits a lamppost, winding around it.

CAMERA TILTS UP to a BELL-TOWER, its CLOCK strikes the HOUR OF FOUR.

CUT TO:

INT. FRIEDRICHS' PARLOR - SAME

Where FRIEDRICHS (SUNFLOWER), MARGRETE and LINDA sit in tense silence, LINDA dressed for travel, her packed VALISE on the floor beside her. The PHONE RINGS, causing all to "JUMP"; SUNFLOWER GRABS IT, uttering a single word.

CLOSE ON LINDA: knowing "this is it".

LINDA'S NARRATION

Ten days after my arrival, Horst Drescher was to give a dinner party for his superior at the Office of Industry; a dinner-party on which his political fortunes hinged.

HANGING UP THE PHONE, Friedrichs checks his watch, MARGRETE taking LINDA'S HAND as LINDA stoically stands, picking up her valise.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Hours before it, his chef would meet with an accident - and, in desperation, Herr Drescher would forego the required security checks into the background of the girl recommended to replace him.

MARGRETE PULLS her into her arms and they CLING TIGHT.

MARGRETE

You'll be fine. And if you're in trouble, make your way back here.

FRIEDRICHS

(stern) Do not come back here. You must involve no one if you're in jeopardy. From now on, your only contact is the fishmonger - until I meet you at the train station on the appointed day and time.

MARGRETE

(whispers in her ear) I'll be in touch.

PULLING BACK, LINDA straightens herself into a stoic posture.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - ON THE MOVE - MOMENTS LATER

LINDA alone in the backseat, catching sight of ROLF the FISHMONGER as she passes the FISHMARKET, watching him go, as though he were the last sight of dry land, as she heads into an uncharted sea.

LINDA'S NARRATION

The idea, of course, was that I would so impress Horst Drescher with my cooking skills - that he'd decide he couldn't live without me.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESCHER'S KITCHEN - THE PARTY

A scene of TOTAL CHAOS; the kitchen staff under siege. With vats of steaming green broth being frantically ladled into bowls, trays of uncooked doves stuffed into ovens already filled to capacity with something that seems to be burning, it is an exercise in "Three-Stoogism" - except that there are twelve of them - and LINDA IS IN CHARGE. Under her frantic command, waiters are bumping into each other, one of them upending a tray of doves that slither across the room, COLLIDING with a door that SWINGS OPEN -- - REVEALING the POCK-MARKED FACE of HORST DRESCHER; a mask of controlled rage. Everyone in the kitchen stops dead in their tracks.

DRESCHER

May I ask where the first course is?!
We've been seated for fifteen minutes!

LINDA

(dashing to and fro) I'm sorry, Herr
Drescher, the soup is ready just now...!

He SPOTS the steaming bowls; incredulous.

DRESCHER

It's supposed to be cold cucumber soup!

LINDA

(stopped) Uh - we drink it hot in
Dusseldorf.

DRESCHER

"Hot" cucumber soup?!

LINDA

(grabbing a tray) They will love it.

He SPOTS the uncooked birds being picked up from the FLOOR.

DRESCHER

The doves aren't cooked yet?!

LINDA

(a beat) The doves we serve cold.

Summoning other waiters to follow, she EXITS INTO THE DINING ROOM with her tray; DRESCHER, forcing a smile for his guests, FOLLOWS. OUR CAMERA FOLLOWS, TOO, ENTERING the DINING ROOM, where an elegant dinner for twenty is in progress. Most of the men are in uniform, their wives strictly "haute couture". Horst's wife, HEDDA, is holding court.

HEDDA

(re: the house) It's as though they knew we were coming! Everything was here! Even toys for the children! There were dishes in the cabinets, linens and towels - can you believe their initials were "H.D."?! It was perfect!

ANGLE ON LINDA; hands trembling as she passes the soup - noticing that original oil paintings on the wall, a Rembrandt and a Franze Halls, have been drawn on, in crayon, by children. The walls have been drawn on, as well.

HORST

(taking his seat) For my honored employer - and guest of honor - Herr Doktor Franze-Otto Deitrich, a specialty from Dusseldorf: hot cucumber soup!

ANGLE ON THE GUEST OF HONOR, FRANZE-OTTO DEITRICH, as HORST stiffly takes his seat beside him. As stiff as HORST is, DEITRICH is relaxed; an elegant man, in his fifties, he is clearly a cut above the rest.

HORST

So. How are the children taking to Berlin, Herr Deitrich?

DEITRICH

Not well. They left their friends behind in Munich.

HORST

They can join the Hitler Youth and make new friends.

DEITRICH

(a weak smile) Yes.

LINDA has reached between them, serving soup.

HEDDA

(to Deitrich) We saw you on the news films at Berchetesgarten, Herr Deitrich.

DEITRICH

Yes.

HEDDA
Hitler was looking well.

The reference causes LINDA to FUMBLE a BOWL OF SOUP, which literally "DROPS" in front of DEITRICH; he miraculously escapes the splash, except for a dollop on his collar.

HORST
(beside himself) I'm so sorry, Herr
Deitrich!

LINDA
(frantically trying to blot it) Forgive
me, Mein Herr...

DEITRICH
No matter, the color suits me.

She looks up, surprised to find that he has gentle eyes. Quickly averting hers, she continues on her bumbling way, Deitrich watching with curiosity.

HORST
(beside himself) My apologies, she just
came today.

DEITRICH
Really? Where from?

HORST
(faking it) Uh - (remembering what she
said) - Dusseldorf!

DEITRICH
(alerted to his hesitation) She's been
through security, I assume?

HORST
But of course, Herr Deitrich! With you
here?! I can assure you no one would
come into this house...!

DEITRICH
Good, just asking...

HORST
Highly recommended! (laying it on) From
one of the finest families in Dusseldorf!
Completely trustworthy!

ANGLE ON LINDA: aware of their eyes on her; frightened.

ANGLE ON HORST: sipping his soup.

HORST
Interesting taste. Don't you think?

CUT TO:

INT. THE DINING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE on the main course, a DOVE, being cut open: it's practically raw. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing that it's HEDDA doing the cutting; she looks up to see that the rest of her guests are as dismayed as she. It is quiet at the table - save for the squeak of silverware against china --- CAMERA PANNING to HORST, gamely sawing off a piece which he stuffs into his mouth, all waiting for a reaction.

CLOSE ON HIM: as, with effort, he SWALLOWS IT.

HORST

(a pronouncement) Delicious! Makes me
feel like a wolf!

He LAUGHS - and so DO OTHERS.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESCHER'S KITCHEN

DISHES FALLING and KITCHEN HELP SCURRYING out of the WAY as DRESCHER vents his RAGE AGAINST LINDA, SHOUTING into her face, and PUSHING HER, with the point of his finger, in short bursts, toward the BACK DOOR. Though she tries to reply, she gets no chance, frightened by the repeated PUSHES and the grotesqueness of his reddened face, spewing spittle into hers. GRABBED by the strap of her uniform, she is dragged, like an errant child, to a small room where she snatches up her coat and valise - then LITERALLY THROWN OUT THE DOOR!!

CUT TO:

EXT. DRESCHER'S HOUSE - SAME

LINDA, STUNNED.

LINDA

(in English) Guess he didn't like the
dinner.

The SOUND of an S.S. SIREN RISES from nowhere, echoing through the narrow streets, until it is swallowed up by darkness, rendering LINDA paralyzed, not knowing what to do. Glancing back at the house, she can see through the living room windows, Drescher returning to his guests, some of whom RISE, in preparation to leave. DRESCHER SPOTS HER, snapping the curtains shut. Clearly, she's on her own.

Sucking in her breath, she picks up her valise and begins to move, her footsteps echoing in the night --- as she walks to a streetcorner to examine a sign. She has no idea where she is --- and a fearful vision materializes beneath the streetlamp across the street from her; TWO SOLDIERS, one, very drunk, grabbing hold of the lamppost and vomiting - the other, laughing, TURNING and SPOTTING HER.

SOLDIER
[SUBTITLED] Hey! Fraulein! Heil
Hitler!

With her heart pumping heavily in her chest, she grabs her valise and TURNS, running away into the night.....OUR CAMERA HOLDING IN PLACE - then - at the SOUND OF VOICES, SWINGING to the HOUSE OF HORST DRESCHER, where party guests are LEAVING. Among them is the guest of honor who, refusing exhortations to stay for one more drink waves goodnight and gets into his chauffeur-driven car, which starts to pull away.

DRESCHER
Herr Deitrich..!

He'd forgotten his briefcase, DRESCHER SCURRYING to the car and passing it into the window saying something to the effect of "...after all the work we did!" before he bows in groveling obeisance; almost hit by the car as it pulls away.

INT. DEITRICH'S CAR - SAME

DEITRICH snapping open the briefcase to make sure its contents are still there, then setting it aside, his demeanor slipping to fatigue - or is it sadness - as he gazes into the night.

ANGLE FROM HIS POV: as the car turns a corner, gradually overtaking the figure of a woman (LINDA) struggling with her heavy valise as she shuffles quickly down the darkened street.

CLOSE ON DEITRICH - sitting forward to get a better look as they pass; he RECOGNIZES HER.

EXT. THE STREET - SAME MOMENT

As the CAR STOPS - LINDA, too, coming to a terrified HALT.

DEITRICH
(from car window) What are you doing out
here? Don't you know it's dangerous?

She backs up, about to TURN and RUN.

DEITRICH
Wait. It's me. (snaps on interior light
and points to his collar) The soup?

She recognizes him, but it does little to assuage her fear.

DEITRICH
(re: her valise) He dismissed you?

LINDA
Yes.

DEITRICH
(amused) The doves were raw.

LINDA
(defensive) I had no time. I arrived at six.

DEITRICH
And you'll be home at ten. Can I drop you?

From the darkness behind her, WE HEAR MEN'S VOICES; the soldiers - one laughing, the other bursting into song. Assessing her chances out here, LINDA turns to DEITRICH.

LINDA
(a nod) Please.

INT. THE CAR - SAME

As she steps in, and they drive --- HER EYES falling on the BRIEFCASE, from which a piece of paper protrudes; just a corner, but enough to see that it's a document like those that LELAND projected on the screen.

DEITRICH
Where to?

LINDA
(vamping) Just...uh....straight on this street,.....not far to the bus stop.

A momentary flash of light, from a street lamp they pass beneath, illuminates the briefcase and its protruding fragment of document; it's definitely an industrial design.

DEITRICH
You're a foreigner?

No response.

DEITRICH (CONT'D)
Fresh from Dusseldorf, yes?

CLOSE ON LINDA: confused.

DEITRICH
He said you're from one of the finest families in Dusseldorf. You cooked for them, as well?

LINDA
Yes.

A quick glance at him reveals serious "doubt" in his eyes.

DEITRICH
You're not really a cook, are you.

If it weren't dark, he'd see her face draining of color.

DEITRICH

The agencies have done that to me, as well. Sent me two Nannies who knew nothing about children. Not that mine are easy. Their mother died two years ago. They're - naturally..."upset".

LINDA

How many?

DEITRICH

Two.

CLOSE ON LINDA: bracing herself - she decides to "go for it."

LINDA

That's not so many. My father took care of eight. (a calculated beat) With my help, of course. I was the oldest. He was a widower, too.

Gazing straight ahead, she can literally "feel" his eyes turn to her. He's taken the bait.

DEITRICH

You have an education?

LINDA

Would I be a kitchen maid...?

DEITRICH

But you seem bright enough.

LINDA

Apparently not enough to cook doves.

Her straight-ahead gaze is distracted by an unexpected sound. Deitrich is LAUGHING. Just a chuckle, at first, but it grows into a rich, and rolling sound.

DEITRICH

(through his laughter) He ate the whole thing...! To prove it was edible! You should have seen him..!

She begins to laugh, too - but stifles it; she is, after all, just a servant.

DEITRICH

Pompous little ass, eating a raw bird...!

He GASPS with LAUGHTER, and when it ebbs, he wipes his eyes and gazes at her.

DEITRICH

It's hard to find hardy young girls who've already been through a complete S.S. check. I hate to let one get away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAR - SAME

AERIAL SHOT, PULLING BACK --- to show the car moving FAR AWAY from its point of origin, out of the city of Berlin.

CUT TO:

INT. KONRAD FRIEDRICHS' (SUNFLOWER'S) HOUSE - MORNING

FREIDRICHS ON THE PHONE, holding onto a table for support, as he endures a RAGING TIRADE, MARGRETE, FEARFUL, beside him.

FREIDRICHS

...But of course, Herr Drescher - I - my apologies - her cooking was always exemplary for me. She what? Said she was from "Dusseldorf"? I - (being outshouted) - and I will do the same if she ever shows her face again!

Hanging up, he sinks into a chair.

MARGRETE

(breathless) Tell me.

FREIDRICHS

(ashen-faced) Fired before dessert.

MARGRETE

Dear God, where is she?

CLOSE ON FRIEDRICHS: at a loss.

FRIEDRICHS

He thinks he sent her back to Dusseldorf.

They look at each other: BLANKFACED.

CUT TO:

INT. GENEVA TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

LELAND waiting - at the appointed time and PLACE - as the LAST of the night's passengers from Germany stream by....his implacable facial armor betrayed by his eyes, shadowed with fear, as the terminal EMPTIES --- and he is left alone.

RISING from the bench, he strides out, his footsteps echoing in the night.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - WASHINGTON - DAY

TELEX'S CHATTERING, typewriters clacking, CAMERA PANNING TO BERRINGER, at a short-wave, pressing a headset to his ear and SHOUTING into a microphone...

BERRINGER
 ...it was addressed to you! From
Sunflower via Jupiter! It reads, "Zipper
 replacement insufficient"!!

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY IN SWITZERLAND - SAME

LELAND
 (upset) But what the hell happened to
 the replacement?!! (can't hear the
 answer) What?!!

CUT TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT - SAME

BERRINGER
 (SHOUTING) I say, the replacement - is
 LOST!!

CUT TO:

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - SAME

LELAND removing his headset: STUNNED --- as WE BEGIN TO HEAR the
 familiar strains of I've Always Wanted to Waltz in Berlin.

CUTTING TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

CLOSE ON LINDA, wearing NANNY'S CAP and APRON, CAMERA PULLING BACK
 to REVEAL she's got two CHILDREN in tow, and is surrounded by
 dozens of other nannies, and mothers, doing exactly what she's
 doing: taking their children to school.

LINDA'S NARRATION
 In fact, even I didn't know where I was.
 Landing in a suburb of the City, I had no
 idea how to even find the fishmarket.
 With no transportation, and no days off,
 I was completely cut-off from the outside
 world.

ANGLE ON THE LITTLE GIRL beside her: GEISELLA, flaxen-haired and
 delicate, aged six, EXCITEDLY POINTING to a PASSING CAR:

GEISELLA
 Look! Papa!

ANGLE ON DEITRICH'S CHAUFFEURED CAR: he, blowing kisses, as he
 passes by.

ANGLE ON HIS SON, DEITER, also at LINDA'S SIDE. Aged nine and
 Aryan-perfect, he responds to his father's kisses with a heel-
 clicking "Heil Hitler" salute.

ANGLE ON DEITRICH: responding, even if half-heartedly, in kind.

LINDA'S NARRATION

The one thing I did know, was that I'd jumped from the cellar of a low-level Nazi sycophant --- into the upstairs chambers of one of the Third Reich's elite.

INT. DEITRICH'S CAR - SAME

As LINDA and the KIDS pass from his view, and DEITRICH turns eyes-front, taking a moment's pause for thought - then opening a briefcase to go over his work.

LINDA'S NARRATION

With University degrees in both architecture and medicine, Franze-Otto Deitrich consorted with the men of Hitler's high command.

Sharpening an architect's pencil, Deitrich begins to SKETCH.

DEITRICH

(To Driver) Music, please.

The DRIVER punches up CLASSICAL MUSIC ---- CAMERA MOVING to DEITRICH'S SKETCH: a series of box-like "chambers", one of them containing a wall of something that looks like "lattice-work", floor-to-ceiling rows of little squares.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITRICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A STRING QUARTET PLAYING as background music, for a party in progress. As in Drescher's house, most of the male guests are in uniform; it is clear that Deitrich is a favorite of the ladies.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Names like Goerring, Speer, and Himmler, topped his guest list.

ANGLE ON DEITRICH: discoursing on one of the paintings on the walls.

LINDA'S NARRATION

And they held his opinion on what wines to serve, what art to hang, in high esteem.

IGNORANT NAZI

(interrupting Deitrich) - and we own all of France and Italy, so we have paintings every color of the rainbow!!

LAUGHTER ALL 'ROUND, Deitrich doing his best to join in.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Franze Deitrich was the Nazi's paragon of taste.

CUT TO:

INT. GEISELLA'S BEDROOM - UPSTAIRS

The child's eye-lids drooping as LINDA reads her to sleep.

LINDA
(reading [SUBTITLED]) And Hansel and
Gretel lived happily....

Seeing the child's eyes closing ---- LINDA TURNS toward the
partially opened door.

LINDA'S NARRATION
But, from what I had seen protruding from
his briefcase,...I knew there was more.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HER as she RISES, and cautiously STEPS OUT OF
THE ROOM, "sliding" along the wall.

VOICES FROM DOWNSTAIRS
Let them threaten! If they dare try to
bomb us, we'll level the whole of London!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - SAME

DINNER IN PROGRESS: CAMERA PANNING FACES engaged in eating and
talking - mostly about the war - DEITRICH, in the company of a
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (WHO WE WILL MEET AGAIN, LATER), strangely
detached, as he eats his soup in elegant silence.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS STUDY - SAME

LINDA at DEITRICH'S DESK, hands trembling as she rifles through
personal papers (childrens' drawings and handwritten
correspondence) STOPPING DEAD - to read one that captures her
attention, her eyes etched with emotion as she reads.

DEITRICH'S VOICE (OVER)
"I miss you...on beautiful days; when a
warm breeze brushes my shoulder, it feels
like it's you there; I miss you those
days...."

CAMERA MOVES IN on a framed desk photo of DEITRICH and the woman
who was obviously his wife; a radiant beauty, a good deal younger.

DEITRICH'S VOICE (OVER)
"I expected the pain...in the long nights
of Winter; But it hurts most to miss you
On Beautiful Days..."

HEARING a NOISE on the STAIRS, her hands move with LIGHTNING
SPEED, shoving papers back into drawers and snapping out the
light. ROCK STILL, she listens to the floorboards creak --- as
footsteps PASS BY, and into the BATHROOM next door.

CLOSE ON LINDA: Beaded with perspiration as she listens to someone pee.

LINDA'S NARRATION

I don't know how many weeks passed - in utter frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITRICH'S - MORNING

The children, with their schoolbooks and raingear, waiting impatiently at the bottom of the stairs.

GEISELLA

Li-NA...!

LINDA (O.S.)

Coming...!

INT. DEITRICH'S BEDROOM - SAME

LINDA'S HANDS FLYING as she rummages through a CLOSET and PULLS OPEN BUREAU DRAWERS.

LINDA'S NARRATION

Seeking every opportunity to search the house, I could find neither the briefcase, nor anything that even resembled an official document...

She STOPS DEAD; CAMERA SWISH-PANNING to her POV: A GERMAN LUGAR tucked among the sweaters.

CHILDREN

(coming up the stairs) Li-NA! Leena-Beena!

LINDA SCRAMBLES, barely making it out of the room in time and BURSTING RIGHT THROUGH THEM, the KIDS SQUEALING and GIVING CHASE.

LINDA

[SUBTITLED] Last one to school is a rotten herring!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

LINDA and the KIDS SQUEALING as they RUN through a DOWNPOURING RAIN. Catching sight of a STREET MAP, posted on a BUS DEPOT, LINDA STOPS SHORT, the kids overshooting and HOWLING with complaint as they scramble back, beneath her UMBRELLA, for protection from the rain.

DEITER

(tugging) Come!

LINDA

(studying the map) Wait.

DEITER
What are you looking for?

LINDA
A fishmarket I used to know...

DEITER
I hate fish!

LINDA
(playful) You are a fish.

DEITER
You are a fish! (grabs the umbrella)
And now you can be in the water!

LINDA
You're in trouble!

LAUGHING, he takes off across the street, LINDA grabbing up Geisella and taking off after him.

LINDA
Deiter...!

DEITER
Fishy-fishy...!

SUDDENLY, the BLARE OF A CAR-HORN and the SQUEAL of BRAKES...

LINDA
(seeing it coming) Deiter...!

But he miraculously DANCES OUT OF THE WAY, stumbling, and falling to his knees in the gutter, his briefcase flying open and all of his homework spewing out. Distraught, LINDA RACES TO HIM, he humiliated, in a RAGE.

DEITER
Look what you've done! My papers!

LINDA
(helping to grab them up) I'll get them.

DEITER
They're ruined!

GEISELLA
My dress is ruined!

LINDA
(re: a paper) What's this?

ANGLE ON THE PAPER: DEITER'S drawing of a STORM TROOPER hitting a man over the head; the head is splitting in half. The man is wearing, on his chest, the yellow star of the Jew.

DEITER
My artwork.

LINDA
(shaken) But what is it?

He grabs for it, but she wrests it away.

DEITER
A storm trooper.

LINDA
Doing what?

Frightened by her tone, he doesn't answer.

LINDA
(demanding) Doing what?

DEITER
Finding a Jew.

LINDA
He's killing him?

DEITER
Yes.

LINDA
Why?

DEITER
Because he's finding him.

LINDA
Is that reason to kill a man?!

DEITER
He's a Jew.

CLOSE ON LINDA: gazing into the child's innocent face, unable to control her RAGE.

LINDA
And what if you were a Jew? Or your father? What then?! Should you be killed, too?!!

ANGLE ON THE CHILDREN: STUNNED by her outburst, as they gaze at her through the downpouring rain.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEITRICH HOME - EVENING

The DOORBELL RINGS - a HEAVYSET WOMAN waiting beneath an umbrella, as LINDA OPENS THE DOOR.

LINDA
Yes?

WOMAN
Fraulein Albrecht?

LINDA
Yes.

WOMAN
I'm Miss Heppelmeier from the school.
I've heard so much about you.

LINDA
Oh? Uh - come in.

WOMAN
(enters) I'd like to see Herr Deitrich.
Is he at home?

LINDA
Uh - no. Is there something I could -

WOMAN
He's expected soon?

LINDA
I don't know. He works late -

WOMAN
It's just a matter of school uniforms.
Are you aware that Herr Deitrich has
failed to buy his son a uniform for the
Hitler Youth Parade?

LINDA
(a shrug) Perhaps he wasn't aware -

WOMAN
Does no one open the mail here?

LINDA
I don't.

WOMAN
(a warm smile) What do you do here?
With this handsome widower? Besides tell
his children he may be a Jew?

CLOSE ON LINDA: gut-punched.

LINDA
I never said that.

WOMAN
Do you accuse the children of lying?

LINDA
I was - misunderstood.

WOMAN
What then, did you say?

LINDA
(toughing it out) That I don't approve
of killing.

WOMAN
(a pause) Jews.

LINDA
(faltering) I believe - life is sacred.

There follows a silence so profound that it "rings" between them.

WOMAN
You must have dinner to make.

LINDA
Yes.

WOMAN
Please ask Herr Deitrich to phone me.

She lets herself out, LINDA immobilized as she gazes after her.

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CAMERA PULLING BACK - as the TEACHER EXITS - UNTIL it is BLURRED
behind a curtain of RAIN.

KERNOHAN (OVER)
"Swallowed up." "Vanished." I don't
know how else to say it.

CUT TO:

INT. LELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

LELAND gazing somberly out his rain-streaked window - as HE
LISTENS:

KERNOHAN (CONT'D)
...Except to say - (stops short of it) -
what none of us wants to hear.

ANGLE ON OTHERS in the room, Berringer among them - exchanging
worried glances, as LELAND sits in brooding silence.

KERNOHAN (CONT'D)
And, frankly, there's only so much time,
and manpower, we can commit to this,
we've disrupted our whole Berlin
operation looking for Linda...

LELAND
(sharply) Abandon it, then. I'll go in myself.

KERNOHAN
And do what? Walk down the streets of Berlin shouting "Linda!"? We've practically already done that.

CLOSE ON LELAND: knowing he's right.

KERNOHAN
If we had some kind of "lead", it might make sense for you to personally pursue, but --- until we get one --- we've simply got to move on.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON LELAND: grim-faced - as he stares out into the rain.

CUT TO:

BERLIN: INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CLOCK-TICKING SILENCE: CLOSE ON LINDA, awake in the dark.

LINDA'S NARRATION
I never told Franze to call the schoolteacher. But I knew it was just a matter of time.

A distant "THUD" sends a reflexive TREMOR through her body; she SITS UP as WE HEAR distant SIRENS begin to wail. Another "THUD" propels her into motion, hands fumbling for her robe - as, upstairs, SHE HEARS the children's FOOTSTEPS RUNNING.

GEISELLA'S VOICE
Help! Papa...! Lina...!

PULLING ON HER ROBE, she hurries OUT.

GEISELLA
(panicked) Help! Someone...!

Spurred by the CHILD'S HYSTERIA, LINDA MOVES FAST through the dark, hearing the murmur of DEITRICH'S VOICE, trying to calm her.

GEISELLA
Yes - they are! They're coming...!

CAMERA MOVING FAST with LINDA, up the stairs.

DEITRICH
(soothing) No, it's not near us, it's in Oberschwein, I've known about it for many days, I would have moved us...

GEISELLA

It's because Deiter drew that picture of
killing people!

As the BOMBING reaches a CONTINUOUS RUMBLE, she CLIMBS her father like a monkey, her whimpers escalating into CRIES OF ALARM - her hands REACHING OUT desperately for LINDA who RUSHES up the STAIRS.

LINDA

It's all right, I'm here...

DEITRICH

You can go back, we're fine...

GEISELLA

(grasping at her) No - stay! Don't go away! Ever! Please - don't go away...!

THE LEVEL of the CHILD'S HYSTERIA makes it clear that what's been unleashed is more than circumstantial, GEISELLA beginning to SHRIEK as she GRAPPLES for LINDA, who takes her, providing safe haven, the child clinging, but calming somewhat, in her arms.

As the SIRENS WAIL above the distant percussion --- LINDA and DEITRICH'S EYES MEET, the child sobbing - clearly for want of a mother - in her arms.

DISSOLVING TO:

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINDA in bed, with GEISELLA in her arms, the child quiet now, as the SIRENS diminish --- the BOMBS having ended --- CAMERA SLOWLY MOVING IN ON LINDA'S FACE, gazing into the night....

LINDA'S NARRATION

(intimate; a stream of consciousness) So many thoughts, and feelings, that night.... Of John Berringer. Ed Leland. The loneliness of this child. And of me. I wanted John to have loved me - and knew he couldn't. I wanted Ed to be proud of me - and knew he wouldn't. I wondered if I'd ever find my way home. Or if, perhaps, this was my last home. I wondered where my friend Margrete was - and if she had imagined, on this night, as I had - that Rhett and Ashley were bombing Berlin.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILROAD YARD - DAY

VIEWPOINT from inside a moving BUS, passing a BOMB SITE where twisted traintrack, and an upended railroad car, have drawn a huge crowd.

LINDA'S NARRATION

It was not the Americans; it was the
British Royal Air Force.

INT. BUS - SAME

CAMERA PANNING the blank expression of Berliners gazing out at the
destruction as they pass ---- FINDING LINDA, among them.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

And though it was claimed they lost 19
planes, and wouldn't dare come again....

ANGLE FROM HER POV: a crashed RAF PLANE with a crowd around it,
many taking turns posing with what looks like a dead body propped
up on a stick, for photographers.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)

...it was clear that Hitler's wicked bird
of War had found its way home.

DEITER

(angry) All this way for a fish!

ANGLE ON THE KIDS, beside her.

LINDA

You'll like these fish, they have the
freshest in the City.

DEITER

I hate fish.

BUS DRIVER

(calling out) Wilhelmsdorf!

GEISELLA

(sulking) I wanted to go to the zoo!

The BUS LURCHES to a STOP, LINDA gathering her things.

LINDA'S NARRATION

With Franze summoned to headquarters
before dawn, and the schools given
holiday, the bombing gave me my first
opportunity to send out a signal that I
was still alive.

DEITER

You can buy it, but I won't eat it!

LINDA

(prodding) Come-come....

DEITER

I mean it! I'll throw it away!

As she shepherds the children into the aisle, she takes a moment to tuck a tiny piece of paper into the palm of her hand - unrolling it once, to make sure it's still legible.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER: reading, in miniscule printing:

"FRANZE DEITRICH
72 Zumfstrasse - Schiendorff
Please Advise"

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP - SAME

As they deboard, LINDA spotting the FISHMARKET, which is TEEMING with BUSINESS, and hustles the reluctant children across the street.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FISHMARKET - SAME

As LINDA ENTERS and SPOTS the FISHMONGER, his back to us as he waits on a customer. PUSHING TOWARD, she is SHOCKED when he turns to confront her. It's not the same man; it's an OLD MAN, missing teeth.

OLD FISHMONGER

Yah?!

Her moment's hesitation gives another customer a chance to pre-empt her; competition is fierce here.

ROLF (O.S.)

Can I help, please?

She turns with RELIEF to see the ORIGINAL FISHMONGER; he looks like he's seeing a GHOST.

LINDA

"Is Fresh Cod in Season?"

ROLF

Barely. I'd given up on you. I thought you didn't like our fish!

DEITER

She loves your fish. We're on the bus two hours to get here!

GEISELLA

She'd rather come here than go to the zoo!

Uncertain how to proceed, she is jostled by shoppers who push past, and around her.

ROLF

(re: the crowd) It's like this in all the stores today. People stocking up.

LINDA
With fish?

ROLF
Salting it. Everyone's afraid.

Glancing around, he indicates she should follow, which she does; the kids, poking at fish eyes, straggle behind.

ROLF
You were looking for something in particular....

LINDA
Just something fresh...

ROLF
I mean, last time I saw you. You were looking for something "in particular".

To help her understand, he reaches out with his hooked hand and snags THREE FISH, laying them out, side by side; CAMERA SWISH-PANS TO LINDA, STUNNED - as the realization sweeps over her.

ROLF
(not so good at concealing his pride)
It's not so easy to find just a few fish in such a big sea...

LINDA
(overwhelmed) You found them...?

ROLF
Let's hope they're still fresh. It's a long time I waited for you.

Reaching inside a LOCKER, he withdraws a pair of BOOTS, which he begins to CHANGE INTO.

ROLF
They have amazing fight, though, these fish. Twice the nets swept over them, twice they escaped. With this kind of luck, maybe they're still fresh.

Sweeping ice-chips off the fish, he "accidentally" knocks a handful into the tops of the boots he's just changed into.

ROLF
(re: the cold) Ach! I'm always doing this!

Removing a boot, he scoops out ice-chips out and, glancing up to make sure LINDA catches his deft movement, TRANSFERS A SMALL WAD OF PAPER from inside the boot - tucking it inside one of the FISH'S MOUTHS!

ROLF
(tearing off wrapping paper) That's 2.10

Flushed with excitement, LINDA suddenly remembers that she too has a note to pass; she fumbles with her change purse, glancing, furtively, around the room.

LINDA
Uh - there's a kind of "fish" here - that
I'd like to draw your attention to...

Turning to a pile of herring beside her, she does what he did: stuffs her note into one of their mouths. But, turning back to him, she sees he wasn't watching; he was wrapping her package with twine.

ROLF
(hands it over) There you are.

JOSTLED from behind, SHE TURNS to see that a WOMAN HAS PICKED UP HER FISH, - and SHE LUNGES FOR IT, the WOMAN reflexively wresting it away. LINDA GRABS AGAIN, missing, the WOMAN SHRIEKING in OUTRAGE.

As ROLF watches in HORROR, the WOMAN'S HUSBAND gets into it, PUSHING LINDA, who is still going for the fish; the FISH SLIPS OUT of the WOMAN'S HANDS, all DIVING for it as it hits the pile, creating an avalanche of herring cascading to the floor. There are fish sprawling everywhere and people SHOUTING; a MAN SLIPS, falling beside LINDA who has dropped to her knees, frantically searching through the fish - PULLED UP BY ROLF, who shoves her bundle under her arm and PUSHES HER TOWARD THE DOOR.

DEITER AND GEISELLA
(running toward) What is it?! What happened?

LINDA
(breathless, taking their hands) Let's go.

GEISELLA
(dragged backward) But look at all the fish!

EXT. STREET - SAME

LINDA, MORTIFIED, hurrying away, the children double-timing behind her.

GEISELLA
What happened? Was there a fight?

LINDA
(tight-lipped) No.

DEITER
She fights over fish! She's in love with fish!

In a sudden move, he pokes the package from her arm, catching it like a fumbled football.

LINDA
(grappling) Deiter...!

DEITER
I told you I'd throw it away!

And HE DOES - FLINGING it toward the STREET, where it SAILS THROUGH THE AIR, LANDING atop a passing truck, piled high with GARBAGE, which ROUNDS THE CORNER, SPEEDING AWAY.

LINDA
Dear God! Stay with your sister!

And SHE TAKES OFF, ROUNDING the CORNER behind the truck, and SCREAMING for it to "HALT!"

ANOTHER ANGLE: as she GAINS ON IT, managing to reach out and POUND ON ITS SIDE, FRIGHTENING the DRIVER who SPEEDS UP, widening his lead and SWERVING AROUND a CORNER SO FAST that the top of his GARBAGE PILE, including the PACKAGE, dislodges, SPILLING INTO THE STREET.

Gasping, LINDA DASHES for it, CUT-OFF by a CAR, its HORN BLARING, as it RUNS OVER THE PACKAGE, bursting its wrapper and squashing the fish inside. Snatching it up, she stumbles to the sidewalk, clinging to a brick wall in an attempt to catch her breath. A MAN STOPS to look at her, in the detached way one observes a crazy person; she fades back, into an alley, waiting for him to pass.

Alone now, she turns to a TRASH BASKET, bracing her arms against it and hanging her head in an attempt to catch her breath and restore calm.

ANGLE ON HER HANDS: trembling as they rip open what remains of the package and remove the squashed fish, pulling the NOTE from one of their mouths. It READS:

99 Kinderstrasse
Alexanderplatz
H.L.S. Weiss

CLOSE ON LINDA: CAMERA MOVING IN as, with dry mouth, and heaving chest, she commits the address to memory, then, glancing around, TEARS UP the note.

LINDA'S NARRATION
On April 3rd, 1943, I located my cousins;
Hannah, Liesel, and Sofi Weiss.

CUT TO:

INT. DEITRICH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quiet, save for CLASSICAL MUSIC being played on a phonograph in a distant quarter of the house ---- CAMERA PANNING toward GEISELLA'S ROOM, where we see shadows on the wall; LINDA tucking the child in.

CAMERA MOVES to where WE CAN SEE IN; she leans over and kisses her on the forehead.

GEISELLA

I'm sorry Deiter was such a brat today.

LINDA

Boys.

They share a smile, LINDA reaching out to tap the child's nose, STOPPED as GEISELLA grabs her hand and kisses it; a heart-felt, eyes-closed kiss that floods LINDA with feeling.

GEISELLA

You will stay with us, always?

LINDA

(a gentle smile) Goodnight.

LINDA douses the light and leaves the room --- CAMERA FOLLOWING HER into the hall where she pauses, hearing the classical music --- her entire posture changing as she realizes it's the Schumann piano piece that her father used to listen to. Her eyes glisten - and she moves forward...DRAWN down the stairs, where she finds herself at the partially opened door to DEITRICH'S DEN, Deitrich seen inside, a saddened figure, sprawled in a soft, red, leather chair. A fire is burning in the fireplace, a half-drained bottle of port on a table beside him, his head is layed back as he LISTENS.

Uncertain if he is awake, LINDA ENTERS. He TURNS to her. For a long moment, no words are exchanged.

DEITRICH

(whispered) Lost Dreams.

A tilt of her head indicates she doesn't understand.

DEITRICH

(re: the music) The name of this piece.
"Traumerei." (his voice thickening) The
lost dreams of children.

In quiet despair, he turns, gazing into the fire.

DEITRICH

That's why I'm in this house. Did you know? Because it's not a Jew's house. I wouldn't take one. It made my associates suspect my loyalty, but I couldn't let my children kneel in prayer before the bed of another child who had been pulled out of it, screaming, in the night. What kind of dreams would this give them? What kind of dreams for my children?

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: empty - as he stares into the fire.

DEITRICH

Perhaps they will die, too. All the children. For our sins. Perhaps one night the Americans will come and pull my children from their beds... (his voice faltering) ...and then call a meeting of their Generals, and their Generals' staff, and say, we must kill them faster. We are not working hard enough. We must build bigger facilities, and better machines.... lest anything should stop us before it's done.

CLOSE ON LINDA: unmoving.

DEITRICH

Do you know Shakespeare, Lina? He said "to be, or not to be...." (realizing) Of course, you don't know Shakespeare.

Picking up a large wrapped package from the table beside him, he HOLDS IT OUT TO HER.

DEITRICH

Open it.

Stepping forward, she does, the box falling away as she holds up its contents: a Hitler Youth Uniform - like a STORM TROOPER'S, but child-sized - its SWASTIKA ARM-BAND prominently displayed.

DEITRICH

You are to give it to Deiter. You are to keep it washed and ironed. You are to tell him how smart he looks in it, and you are to keep your Jew-loving philosophy to yourself.

CLOSE ON LINDA: STUNNED.

DEITRICH

I called the school to find out about this "picture" Deiter drew.

LINDA
(faltering) My mouth has always gotten
me in trouble, Herr Deitrich.

DEITRICH
How dare you suggest to my child that
life is sacred!

His hand moves to his mouth too late to stifle a sound that he
struggles to wrestle back down into his gut.

DEITRICH
(with difficulty) You don't want to
sound too much like their mother, now, do
you. She didn't speak like a good
German, either!

He gasps, winning the battle with his tears, his breath evening
out as he gazes at the fire.

DEITRICH
I hope she's nowhere she can see her
little S.S. Man marching in the parade.
My little S.S. Man. My baby boy...

Silence now; just the music - the crackling of the fire.

DEITRICH
Do you like this music, Lina?

LINDA
(a whisper) Yes.

DEITRICH
I'll take you to a concert, one day.
Would you like that?

LINDA
Yes.

DEITRICH
It's wonderful. Music....art. Something
"beautiful" about the human spirit shines
through.

CLOSE ON LINDA: gazing at him.

LINDA'S NARRATION
He confessed a fear, that night....

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY
The INTERVIEW in progress.

LINDA (CONT'D)

...that because he would not take a Jew's house, he was held in some degree of suspicion by his associates, sensing, sometimes, that he was watched by the Gestapo.

BBC INTERVIEWER

It was rumored at that time - or was it later, I don't know - that you were his lover.

LINDA

Yes.

BBC INTERVIEWER

"Yes" - you're admitting that?

LINDA

"Yes" - it was rumored in Berlin, at that time.

SMASH-CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN SQUARE - NIGHT

HITLER YOUTH RALLY: THOUSANDS of young boys, DEITER AMONG THEM, carrying TORCHES as they MARCH in review before HITLER, their JACK-BOOTS resounding throughout the SQUARE --- CAMERA PANNING the CROWDS of ONLOOKERS to find GEISELLA, excitedly pointing, from her PERCH atop LINDA'S SHOULDERS.

GEISELLA

(re: her brother) Look! There!

ANGLE ON DEITER: marching proudly in his new uniform, ARM RAISED IN A RIGID HEIL HITLER SALUTE.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Franze...? Is that you...?!!

ANGLE ON DEITRICH, beside LINDA, turning to SEE the BEAUTIFUL WOMAN who was his DINNER COMPANION when LINDA first came to the HOUSE, PUSHING THROUGH with a handsome young NAZI in tow.

WOMAN

Isn't it glorious! (grabs him into a hug) Aren't the children adorable!
(confidential gossip) You'd never guess the R.A.F. just demolished the shipyards in Hamburg. (spots Geisella on Linda's shoulders; surprised) Oh. Hello.

DEITRICH

(introducing) You've met Miss Albrecht, Miss Stayson Von Neest....

WOMAN
(also introducing) You know Captain Von
Haepler of the Foreign Office....

VON HAEPLER
(suddenly, re: Linda) But of course!
You're the one who served the raw ducks!
I was at Drescher's! Your old employer
is looking for you!

DEITRICH
You can tell Drescher he's too late...!

VON HAEPLER
No, it's the employer before that who
wants her back!

DEITRICH
(curious) From Dusseldorf?

VON HAEPLER
No! Freidrichs, of the Foreign Office!
The old gentleman? He was most upset!
Thought Drescher'd done away with her!
Said she'd been with him for years!

CLOSE ON LINDA: PANICKED - as the JACKBOOTS come to a RESOUNDING
HALT, replaced by an EAR-SHATTERING DRUM-ROLL, beaten on a
THOUSAND DRUMS; CAMERA PANS TO DEITRICH; unnerved by what he just
heard.

DEITRICH
(shouting to be heard) What was his
name...? From the Foreign Office...?

VON HAEPLER
(having misunderstood) That she was a
great cook, and he wanted her back! I
guess he had a taste for raw birds!

He BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER, THE WOMAN pulling DEITRICH CLOSE, so she
can SPEAK directly into his ear.

WOMAN
Naughty boy! I wondered why I hadn't
heard from you! I guess you have a taste
for "raw birds", too!

Pinching his cheek, she EXITS, dragging her handsome young Nazi
behind her, LINDA avoiding Deitrich's eyes as the DRUMROLL
suddenly ends, replaced by a VOICE, over LOUDSPEAKER, that CHILLS
THE BLOOD. It is the voice of ADOLPH HITLER, LIVE, ringing
throughout the square.

CLOSE ON DEITRICH: A certain "chill" having descended over his
eyes as he studies LINDA - suddenly SQUINTING against an onslaught
of LIGHT as a NEWSFILM TRUCK, with its FLOODLIGHTS GLARING, moves
by them, documenting the faces of the Third Reich.

WIDE ANGLE: over the tops of thousands of heads, WE SEE ADOLPH HITLER speaking.

CUT TO:

INT. WAR DEPARTMENT SCREENING ROOM - DAY

THE FOOTAGE of HITLER'S SPEECH BEING SHOWN: his face, IN CLOSE UP, RANTING and RAVING to the crowd in BERLIN SQUARE.

SECRETARY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(translating, quietly) ...They can bomb
us, but they can't kill us....

PANNING to REVEAL ED LELAND, his NEW SECRETARY (Linda's replacement) beside him, providing running translation, BERRINGER in the row behind him, eating a sandwich; KERNOHAN is dozing in the back.

SECRETARY
(translating)...The German People, the
Master Race...have a mandate from God...

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN: Shots of the CROWD: LINDA and DEITRICH
CLEARLY VISIBLE as the CAMERA TRUCK passes by!

ANGLE ON LELAND: looking like a jolt of electricity just shot up his ass. Surely it was an illusion.

ANGLE ON THE SCREEN: Having cut back to HITLER, his jowls shaking as he RAISES HIS FIST, inciting the MASSES to CHANT "HEIL", their dutiful chorus almost drowning him out.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
...and God speaks through Hitler...and
Hitler says...

ANGLE ON THE CHANTING MULTITUDES, LINDA right in there pitching along with the rest - looking as odd as she must feel, with her ARM RAISED, CHANTING "HEIL-HEIL-HEIL-HEIL....!"

CLOSE ON LELAND: STUNNED; SWISH-PAN to BERRINGER, his sandwich sticking in his throat.

LELAND
Stop the film. STOP IT!

IT SHUTS OFF - THE LIGHTS SNAP ON; all paralyzed with AMAZEMENT.

SECRETARY
...Something I said?

CUT TO:

INT. PENTAGON CORRIDOR - SAME

LELAND and KERNOHAN moving PURPOSEFULLY down a CORRIDOR, the SECRETARY RUNNING to keep pace, all carrying still-wet PHOTO BLOW-UPS of the FILM FRAMES. Appearing from an OFFICE THEY PASS, BERRINGER falls in alongside, a sense of URGENCY in his voice, as he shows them a PHOTO of his own - on the front of a classified dossier.

BERRINGER

His name is Franze-Otto Deitrich - right up there in the Weirmacht, spent last Christmas with Hitler and Eva at Berchtesgarden. (grabs one of Leland's photos, pointing out) They're definitely together - here - he's got his hand on the child.

LELAND

When was it taken? The film?

BERRINGER

It was stolen from Hess's airplane a week ago. Brought through Lisbon -

LELAND

But when was it taken?!

BERRINGER

Dunno.

Reaching an elevator, LELAND pounds the button, biting out orders.

LELAND

Contact Sunflower. Get me to Switzerland.

KERNOHAN

What's the plan?

LELAND

Get her the hell out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE OF INDUSTRY - BERLIN - DAY

Where SUNFLOWER (KONRAD FRIEDRICHS) sits in tense silence; HE RISES as a UNIFORMED WOMAN ENTERS.

FRIEDRICHS

(exasperated) I really cannot wait like this.

WOMAN

Colonel Deitrich apologizes for the wait and thanks you for coming. He will see you now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - SAME

LINDA depositing the CHILDREN with a hurried kiss, her voice betraying ANXIETY.

LINDA
...and if I'm not here by three, you'll
take the bus home, and wait...

GEISELLA
(frightened) Where will you be?

LINDA
I won't be long, I have an Aunt visiting
the City.

DEITER
(suspicious) Where?

LINDA
(a beat) Alexanderplatz.

GEISELLA
That's where the zoo is!

LINDA
We'll go there one day, I promise.

Shooing them inside, she HURRIES AWAY, UNAWARE of a CAR that pulls away from the curb and begins to TRACK her. Spotting an oncoming BUS, she RUNS, making it to the BUS STOP just in time.

LINDA
(breathless; as doors open)
Alexanderplatz? Kinderstrasse?

The DRIVER waves her on, the BUS PULLING AWAY, CAMERA FOLLOWING LINDA to a window-seat where she makes a conscious effort to "relax" --- unmindful of the "FOLLOW CAR" that pulls smoothly alongside, OVERTAKING THE BUS.

THE BUS STOPS AGAIN, some people get on; a MAN delays progress as he attempts to communicate in sign language, methodically counting out his change.

With a lurch, THE BUS PULLS AWAY AGAIN, LINDA'S eyes wandering to the window, where the FOLLOW CAR is seen to drop back, allowing the bus to overtake it again. Aware that the seat next to her is being taken, LINDA glances at its occupant: it's the man who was using sign language. Wearing a dark suit, hat pulled over his eyes, and round dark glasses, his shirt is open at the collar, revealing a blood-stained bandage, like post-surgical dressing, wrapped around his throat. Catching Linda's curious glance, he reaches into his pocket and produces a small card, on which is scrawled:

SUBTITLE: "Wounded war veteran -
can't speak. Please
have patience."

Glancing at it, she LOOKS UP to see him point to his throat, and REMOVE HIS DARK GLASSES; her expression changes so suddenly, it looks like she's having a stroke.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: LELAND - unable to resist a "wink" as he replaces his glasses - LINDA so overwhelmed that her eyes begin to moisten. He takes her hand to calm her, but her tears are uncontainable.

LINDA'S NARRATION
It's hard to describe what it's like to
find a friend in the wilderness.

CLOSE ON THEIR HANDS: gripped tightly.

LINDA'S NARRATION
I'll never forget it for the rest of my
life.

EXT. BUS STOP - CONTINUOUS

LINDA and LELAND get off, quickly met by the "FOLLOW CAR"; LINDA getting another SHOCK when she opens the back door.

MARGRETE
[SUBTITLED] Guess he didn't like your
strudel?

Fairly "pushing" her in, LELAND slams her door, hopping into the front seat, as the CAR WHISKS THEM AWAY. As it goes, WE HEAR the SHRIEK that LINDA can no longer contain; through the rear window, WE SEE THE TWO WOMEN in each other's arms.

LINDA'S NARRATION
But the joy of our reunion was short-
lived.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

CAMERA MOVING in on an old wooden BOATHOUSE, beside a rowing lake, BOARDED-UP and CLOSED FOR THE SEASON; the DRIVER of the CAR (whom we recognize as the driver of the truck that ran down Drescher's Chef) PACES OUT FRONT, keeping watch.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)
Ed had swooped down like a guardian
angel; but I was not ready to be carried
away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOATHOUSE - SAME

The THREESOME illuminated in the darkness by shafts of bright sunlight that pierce the roof, LINDA shivering in the meat-locker dampness as she listens to LELAND, whose breath vaporizes into puffs of steam as he hurriedly unfolds and hands documents to her, MARGRETE posted nervously at the door.

LELAND

(quick and efficient; no wasted time)
...a letter from your sister in
Dusseldorf, saying your father is dying
and you must return home....a ticket on
tonight's train to Dusseldorf, which you
won't take. I'll meet you at the train
bound for Switzerland, where I'll give
you new identification (shows passport)
"Ula Isensladt" - (another letter) - this
medical report of your pregnancy - and
this letter confirming your appointment
for an abortion at the Women's Clinic, in
Bern.

LINDA

Could I interrupt a sec -

LELAND

(another letter) A proposal of marriage
from a soldier in Dusseldorf, to be left
under your mattress, or somewhere where
it'll be found when you fail to return...

LINDA

Ed?

LELAND

(overriding her) When you tell Deitrich
you're leaving, you'll tell him about
this couple (wallet-photo) who you met at
the market; a cook and chauffeur who've
recently arrived here from Leipzig
looking for work -

LINDA

He has a chauffeur.

LELAND

Not for long.

LINDA

Ed. I'm not ready to go.

CLOSE ON LELAND: STOPPED mid-motion.

LINDA

Not tonight.

THE DRIVER STICKS HIS HEAD IN:

DRIVER
[SUBTITLED] Let's not push our luck,
friends. Could we finish?

He ducks out, LELAND still in a state of SUSPENDED ANIMATION -
working at keeping calm.

LELAND
I didn't hear you right, did I?

LINDA
I found my cousins.

LELAND
Your cousins.

MARGRETE
You found them?

LELAND
(confused) Somebody, help me out, here?

MARGRETE
Jews.

LINDA
(urgent) Hiding in the City. I was on
my way there, today -

LELAND
To do what?

LINDA
Help them.

MARGRETE
(incredulous) There are no Jews left in
this City.

LINDA
Alexanderplatz. 99 Kinderstrasse.

MARGRETE
You've seen them?

LINDA
The fishmonger told me -

LELAND
You can't "help them." There's nothing
you can do.

LINDA
(in earnest) But you can. With papers.
Passports. Tickets to Switzerland...

LELAND
 (furious) You think I have a printing press here? Why don't I just set up an office? Why didn't we think of it! A Berlin Office!

LINDA
 I can't leave here without -

LELAND
 The hell you can't!

MARGRETE
 Friedrichs was picked up yesterday and questioned, by Deitrich.

LELAND
 By your boss.

LINDA
 (taken aback) Franze?

LELAND
 You're on thin ice, here, Linda, there's a clock ticking.

LINDA
 (urgent) Give me twenty four hours. (a plea) I'd have gone there today. Let me go tomorrow.

LELAND
 To do what?!

LINDA
 I don't know, help them! Do something! With or without you! I came here to stop people from dying in this war, and I'm not going to leave here without trying..!

Overwrought, she gulps back tears.

LELAND
 Are you involved with him?

LINDA
 "What?"

LELAND
 "Franze" - as you call him? Maybe you're just so comfortable here you'd just as soon -

LINDA
 That's beneath you, Ed.

LELAND
 But not entirely beneath you.

CLOSE ON HER: hit hard by it.

MARGRETE
They say he builds death camps.

LINDA
Not possible.

LELAND
Why not?

LINDA
He loves Schumann.

MARGRETE
Hitler loves Beethoven. Eichmann loves Bach, and you're going out on a train tonight...!

LINDA
No.

A pervasive SILENCE - the DISTANT SOUND of CHILDREN PLAYING - LELAND knowing her well enough to know there's no point in arguing. Gritting his teeth, he digs into his pocket, producing their TRAIN TICKETS.

LELAND
These train tickets are good for twenty four hours. I'll wait that long, but not a minute more. If you find out they're alive, come to the train; back to where there are printing presses, and contacts with partisans, so we can try to do something about getting them out. Whether you find them or not - tomorrow night, at 1800 - meet me at the train.

LINDA
(heartfelt) Thank you.

LELAND
Six o'clock tomorrow night. If you're not there, I leave without you. You'll have to get out on your own.

Gathering the papers, he moves to the door.

MARGRETE
(to Linda) Do you know Vöerdlerstrasse?
22 is my address. My phone is the same.
22, then 4.

She turns to leave, aware that LELAND and LINDA are staring at each other, deadlocked into each other's eyes.

MARGRETE
(tactfully) I'll be outside. Please hurry.

She leaves; LELAND and LINDA unmoving, their eyes intersecting the darkened gulf between them.

LELAND
You never change, do you. Nothing makes you less -

LINDA
Human? No.

LELAND
Not even Nazi Germany.

LINDA
Especially not Nazi Germany.

LELAND
I was going to say "reckless".

LINDA
Look at you. All they have to do is pull off that bandage...

LELAND
...And, one of these days, they will.

Moving toward her, he digs into his pocket, producing a small handgun.

LELAND
Know how to use this?

LINDA
(not really) Like in the movies, I guess.

LELAND
(demonstrates) Safety.

He clicks it on and off - and holds it out to her.

LINDA
Why now?

LELAND
I'm not sure there'll be a "later".

ANGLE ON BOTH: close enough, now, for their eye contact to warm the environment - though they breathe steam in the chill, damp, air.

LINDA
(after a long pause) I've thought about you.

LELAND
(reluctant) You're all I've thought of.

LINDA
I want to make you proud of me.

Their eyes are soft now, and loving; both aware of strong feelings, within.

LELAND
Don't stand me up tomorrow night.

CLOSE ON BOTH: eyes locked into one another's - the moment BROKEN by MARGRETE.

MARGRETE
(poking her head in) Come. The park is filling with children.

They take one last moment; as though to memorize each other.

LINDA'S NARRATION
I know it was on a Friday that Ed Leland and I said goodbye,...

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - on the move - DAY

LINDA gazing anxiously out a rain-streaked window as they pass through a rundown neighborhood.

LINDA'S NARRATION (CONT'D)
...because the next day was a Saturday;
and I had nowhere to leave the children.

DEITER
I want to see a Lion first!

GEISELLA
I want to see a Zebra!

ANGLE ON THE CHILDREN: beside her.

DEITER
How much further?

BUS DRIVER
(calling out) Alexanderplatz!

LINDA
We'll get out here.

The BUS-BRAKES SQUEAL.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME

As the BUS STOPS, disgorging LINDA and the KIDS, who huddle beneath an umbrella, gazing into the drizzling rain.

GEISELLA
(confused) I don't see it.

DEITER
Stupid, you got off at the wrong stop!

LINDA
(tense) Just a few blocks - I thought we'd walk....

A RUMBLE OF THUNDER sends the rain down harder, the kids sticking close under the umbrella as LINDA moves down the rubble-strewn street, looking for an address.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: passing tenements in disrepair, a couple of them gutted, as though by fire; a SWASTIKA tells us this was once a Jewish neighborhood. A MAN EXITS one of the TENEMENTS; LINDA catches his eye.

LINDA
Excuse me - ?

DEITER
(cutting her off) We're looking for the zoo!

MAN
(points) Five blocks. (heads away)

LINDA
(calling after him) 99 Kinderstrasse...?

MAN
(points) It's the one on the corner.

CAMERA FOLLOWS HIS GESTURE, across the street, to the corner house: the gutted remains of a three-story dwelling.

CLOSE ON LINDA: her breath quickening at the sight of it.

MAN
(adding) You're too late, though. I missed all the excitement, too. They came for them about midnight.

With a sudden HISS, the rain pelts harder, the CHILDREN SQUEALING as they PUSH CLOSE TO LINDA who has turned to STONE, her face white as porcelain.

CHILDREN
What are we doing?? Let's go back to the bus stop...!

Mistaking her STUNNED expression for fascination, the MAN APPROACHES, sharing her view.

MAN
There were thirty of them. Can you believe it? Huddled behind a brick wall in the basement. Like cockroaches they were, living in their own filth.

CLOSE ON LINDA: inanimate.

MAN
That's the last of them, though. Let's hope, anyway...

Forcing herself to move, LINDA steps off the curb and, like an automaton, CROSSES THE STREET; the children, frightened by her expression, shuffle in silence, beneath her umbrella.

ANOTHER ANGLE --- MOVING CLOSE ON HER FACE --- as she reaches the foot of the front stairs and looks up - then ASCENDS, into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. 99 KINDERSTRASSE - SAME

The dripping threesome in the foyer of the burned-out mess, the SOUND OF RAIN filling the silence - save for their FOOTSTEPS, that crunch on broken glass, as they tentatively look around.

CHILDREN
This is scary....What are we doing?

LINDA
(deadened) Wait here.

DEITER
Where are you going?

LINDA
(dark) Wait here.

Letting the umbrella drop, she MOVES on creaking floorboards, past a staircase, through what must have been a dining room, into the remains of a kitchen, where a family once, long ago, lived.

ANGLE ON LINDA'S FACE, reflected in a shattered wall-mirror that has a SWASTIKA drawn on it. She TURNS --- focusing on the splintered DOORWAY TO THE CELLAR STAIRS --- and MOVES TOWARD IT.

INT. CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

As she picks her way down into semi-darkness, the light from a small window illuminating a thin layer of smoke, hovering, cloud-like, near the ceiling. At the foot of the stairs, SHE STOPS; the hideous aftermath of last night laid out before her: A battered brick wall, beyond which lies the once-secret compartment, filled with the testimony of violence.

CLOSE ON LINDA: as she STOOPS TO ENTER; beyond feeling as she reaches out to touch the splintered pieces of overturned chairs, bullet-splattered tables, blood-stained bedding, a child's shoe, which she stoops to pick up. And then something shiny catches her eye. And she moves to it, pushing aside the stained blanket that partially covers it.

CLOSE ON HER FACE, undergoing a change --- as she lowers to her knees, and delicately picks it up, turning it in her hands. It is the mouthpiece of a flute. Broken and bent. She lifts it to her own mouth and cries. Cries silently, for fear of being heard by the children. But cries hard, her entire body racked with it, as she sits amidst the rubble of wasted lives.

GEISELLA'S VOICE (O.S.)
(shouting) Lina! Come look!

Struggling to staunch her tears, LINDA uses her skirt to wipe her face.

GEISELLA'S VOICE (CONT'D)
A mommy-cat! With kittens!

Hearing their FOOTSTEPS RUNNING across the floorboards overhead, LINDA stuffs the flute-shard into her pocket and forces herself to MOVE, stumbling over a brick and hurting her knee as she heads for the stairs.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

As she EMERGES to see DEITER about to FOLLOW GEISELLA up the stairs.

DEITER
(to Linda) It's carrying a kitten in its mouth!

GEISELLA
Here kit-kit...!

LOOKING UP, LINDA sees GEISELLA attempting to navigate a steep, and badly broken, flight of stairs.

LINDA
No! Geisella! (To Deiter) Stay here!

And she HEADS UPWARD after GEISELLA who won't be stopped - one of the STEPS CRACKING beneath LINDA'S weight as she makes it to the first landing, a GUST OF WIND, blown in through shattered windows, hitting her face --- as she SPOTS GEISELLA, kneeling before the mother cat, and her kitten.

For a moment, time stands still; LINDA, an observer from another planet, watching a child who kneels in the looted remains of a bedroom, enthralled with the life-force of a mother cat and her kitten - the City of Berlin, besieged by rain, seen through broken windows all around her.

But reality seeps in with a SOUND from above; a distant sound - barely audible at first - that causes Geisella to stand, her eyes glinting with fear as she gazes heavenward. It's AIRPLANES. A lot of them. Rushing to a window, LINDA sees one of their silvery forms, slip, minnow-like, through the thick grey overcast; DEITER'S FOOTSTEPS are clambering up the stairs behind them.

CLOSE ON HIM: emerging, white-faced as WE BEGIN TO HEAR SIRENS, their shrill complaint sprouting from everywhere around them - and the sudden "BOOM" of ANTI-AIRCRAFT which sets the CAT into MOTION; SCREECHING, it picks up its KITTEN and ZIPS down the STAIRS.

GEISELLA
(becoming desperate) Lina...!

Through the window, we see the entire neighborhood coming alive, people running from their houses and STREAMING INTO THE STREETS like ants from an ANTHILL, LINDA realizing she's got to get them out of there as well.

GEISELLA
(her hysteria building) Help! Help us!

DEITER
We've got to go home!!

Snatching up Geisella, and grabbing Deiter's hand, LINDA staggers with them, down the stairs, CAMERA CLOSE ON THEM as they RUN OUTSIDE and join others, who run, in thickening numbers, the mob becoming a BLIND STAMPEDE. With people screaming and hurtling at cross-purposes, the DRONE OF THE AIRPLANES COMES LOUDER, PUNCTUATED BY AN EXPLOSION!; SWISH-PAN to the SIDEWALK where an ENTIRE ROW of BUILDINGS EXPLODES in a LINE!

ANGLE ON LINDA, DIVING, with the children, into an ALCOVE, burying GEISELLA'S head in her arms.

DEITER
We've got to go home! In the cellar!

A MAN with an INFANT in his arms, scrambles into their ALCOVE, then quickly out again - SHOUTING BACK AT THEM as he goes.

MAN
The bomb shelter!

With MORE BOMBS EXPLODING, LINDA PULLS THEM OUT, following the STAMPEDING HORDES who seem to be headed somewhere, though packed too tightly, some falling and being overrun as they scramble for safety.

ANGLE ON THE BOMB SHELTER: ITS ENTRANCE jammed with too many bodies, people being TRAMPLED IN THE MELEE; SWISH-PAN to LINDA, pulling the KIDS OUT before they get swept up into the FLOW. PUSHING THEM, again, into a DOORWAY, she SHIELDS THEM with her BODY, GEISELLA SCREAMING as she POINTS OVER LINDA'S SHOULDER.

GEISELLA

Look! Zoo!

SWISH-PAN to the bizarre sight of a ZEBRA, running full-tilt down the street, followed in quick succession by TWO OTHERS, one of them, in its panic, wheeling and jumping headlong into a SHOP WINDOW, the GLASS SHATTERING all around it.

GEISELLA

It's cut! It's cut!

ANGLE ON THE ZEBRA, BLEEDING as it WHIRLS and DANCES IN PLACE --- a MAN RUNNING FORWARD and SHOOTING IT IN THE HEAD, the ZEBRA COLLAPSING IN A PILE!

GEISELLA

(hysterical) NO!!!

PULLING GEISELLA'S HEAD AGAINST HER, LINDA glances at DEITER, who seems to be in SHOCK, inexplicably stepping out, into the middle of the street, open-mouthed, gazing up at the PLANES.

LINDA

(desperate) Deiter!

The DRONE of a single PLANE is heard, LINDA BURSTING from cover and DIVING ATOP HIM as the PLANE DROPS its payload on buildings nearby. As the SMOKE CLEARS, she DRAGS him back to SHELTER.

GEISELLA

What's happening?! What's happening?!

CLOSE ON LINDA: hugging them both.

LINDA

We didn't pick a good day to go to the zoo.

Seeing that the bottle-neck at the BOMB SHELTER has EASED, she pulls them quickly to their feet, RUNNING across the street and helping them inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BOMB SHELTER - SAME

JAM-PACKED with bodies and dust, people coughing, babies, crying --- as LINDA and the KIDS pick their way through....finding a space, where they huddle together, gazing upward at the POUNDING.

DISSOLVING TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - LATER

The DRONE of the last PLANE ENGINE departing - and leaving a silence filled with the crackle of BURNING BUILDINGS - as an "ALL CLEAR" SIGNAL SOUNDS....followed by the "CLANG" of FIRE ENGINES, and the appearance of PEOPLE, emerging from hiding places, in a daze.

EXT. BOMB SHELTER

As LINDA and the CHILDREN emerge, Geisella clinging to LINDA who is helping a mother exit, with her crying infant.

DEITER
(anxious) Popi will be worried...

LINDA looks at her watch. It's 4:00 P.M. She has to be at the train by six.

LINDA
Hurry. Come.

There are sounds of POLICE SIRENS now, an AMBULANCE WHIZZING BY as LINDA takes the children's hands, hurrying across the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as they round a corner, heading toward a BUS STOP --- STOPPING DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS; CAMERA SWISH-PANS to the sight of a BURNED-OUT, smouldering, BUS.

LINDA
(desperate) We've got to get home.

GEISELLA
(alarmed) Are they coming back again?!!

DEITER
If we can get home, I know where to hide!

SPOTTING A MAN getting his wife and child into a CAR, she RUNS TOWARD.

LINDA
[SUBTITLED] Sir. Please. Do you go near Scheindorf?

CUT TO:

EXT. DEITRICH'S HOUSE - SAME

AS THE CAR PULLS UP, LINDA hurriedly thanking the DRIVER as she hustles the CHILDREN OUT.

CLOSE ON HER: as she glances at her watch. It's 5:15.

DEITRICH
(rushing from the house) Thank God!
Where have you been?

GEISELLA
(rushing toward him; crying) Poppi!

LINDA
(rushing past) We went to the zoo.

DEITRICH
(sweeping them both up and hugging them)
Are you all right...?!

DEITER

If they come again, we'll go down to your secret room, all right?

CLOSE ON LINDA: having overheard - STOPPED IN HER TRACKS.

DEITER (CONT'D)

Can we do that? You said it was safe there....!

GEISELLA

Can we sleep down there?!

DEITRICH

They're not coming back. They won't bomb here....

INSIDE THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

LINDA, stunned by what she just heard, looks at her watch - as SHE HEARS THEM ENTER THE HOUSE, their VOICES and FOOTSTEPS, disappearing up the stairs.

Going into her room, she pauses a moment, then GRABS HER VALISE - but STOPS; unable. She's got to act on what she heard. Almost CONVULSING WITH FRUSTRATION she TURNS, moving swiftly into the kitchen, opening the door to the BASEMENT.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

As she closes the door behind her and snaps on a light, hurriedly descending the cellar stairs. The room is cinderblock - completely empty - LINDA'S expression changing as she SPOTS SOMETHING she never noticed before: A window, high up, at ground level, that seems to be only halfway in the room. It has been intersected by one of the walls.

ANOTHER ANGLE as she GOES TO IT, realizing that the wall is, indeed, added on, cutting in half what would have normally been the area beneath the house.

CAMERA MOVES WITH HER as, in the dim light, she FEELS ALONG THE WALL - STOPPING as her hand hits a SEAM.

CLOSE ANGLE: the SEAM - as her hand traces its outline; it's an ENTRANCEWAY - partially blocked by a WOODEN CABINET that stands in its way.

Her breath shuddering with anxiety, she HEFTS HER WEIGHT against the cabinet, praying its movement won't be DETECTED as it SCRAPES along the FLOOR.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as it CLEARS...revealing a DOORWAY; PADLOCKED. Instinctively feeling the ledge above it, she COMES UP WITH THE KEY.

Gasping, she looks at her watch. 5:20.

CAMERA MOVING IN ON HER FACE: ANGUISHED.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - 6:00

LELAND desperately scanning the PLATFORM as the TRAIN WHISTLE SOUNDS --- and its SMOKESTACK BEGINS TO "CHUG", its wheels being set into motion. He walks backward, alongside it, PRAYING FOR SOME SIGN of her as the TRAIN SLOWLY builds MOMENTUM --- and at the LAST MINUTE - HE STEPS ON.

CLOSE ON HIS FACE: he removes his dark glasses revealing eyes etched with emotion --- as the TRAIN CARRIES HIM AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEITRICH'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

CAMERA MOVING IN on DEITRICH'S HOUSE; DARKENED.

INT. THE CHILDREN'S ROOM - SAME

DEITER and GEISELLA SOUND ASLEEP.

INT. LINDA'S ROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON LINDA'S HANDS, carefully sliding a drawer open and removing a large jar of coldcream which she unscrews revealing a "false top", which she lifts off, withdrawing a tiny microfilm camera hidden within.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BEDROOM - SAME

As she, in her nightgown, slides noiselessly along a wall --- into the KITCHEN - where she disappears behind the door to the BASEMENT STAIRS.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Her knees trembling as she hefts against the cabinet, moving it aside, then fumbles for the KEY, turning it in the PADLOCK and OPENING THE DOOR.

CLOSE ON HER: sucking in her breath at what she sees.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: illuminated only by a ray of moonlight streaming in a tiny window: FILING CABINETS - and a DRAFTING TABLE - with "scrolls" layed out on it.

Breathing hard, LINDA PUSHES THE CINDER-BLOCK DOOR CLOSED, grappling for the chain to a bare-bulb that swings elusively until she "connects", illuminating a chamber that holds all the mystery of Tut's Tomb.

CLOSE ON LINDA: As her trembling hands wipe perspiration from her upper lip, and she readies her CAMERA for ACTION.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - LATER

WIDESHOT; MOVING IN on the SMALL BASEMENT WINDOW, behind bars at GROUND LEVEL, to SEE, through frosted glass, LINDA working, methodically, and quickly, photographing everything she can, within.

INT. THE BASEMENT ROOM - SAME

LINDA moving fast and feverishly, examining documents and blueprints, making notations in minutely small handwriting, and photographing with her tiny camera - until ONE DOCUMENT, in particular, CATCHES HER EYE.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: revealing a DUPLICATE of one of the DOCUMENTS LELAND projected on the film screen, long ago: designs for the SELF-PROPELLED BOMB. Beneath it, are OTHERS: the whole stack that Albert Eckert had found, but COMBINED here in a COMPLETE FILE - the front of which, is marked "PEENAMUNDE FAKTOREI". Her heart leaping into her throat, LINDA flips pages, finding a MAP at the end - a LITERAL ROAD MAP on how to find the FACTORY AT PEENAMUNDE, and a handwritten notation, that reads:

[SUBTITLED]: "Instruct driver forty kilometers on K-5 out of Hollstein; Herr Goebbels to arrive by lunch."

And the MAP is marked with a RED "X" at the town of PEENAMUNDE.

Trying to quiet her shuddering breath, LINDA is about to PHOTOGRAPH - when she HEARS a NOISE OVERHEAD - and STOPS DEAD. Silence now. She moves fast, hands trembling as she flips through DOCUMENTS, SNAPPING PHOTOGRAPHS OF EVERYTHING IN FRONT OF HER - for good measure, taking three of the MAP, in quick succession: WIDE - CLOSE - AND CLOSER. Then, HEARING ANOTHER SOUND - she snaps off the light.

There is movement above her.

Sucking in her breath, she moves with lightning speed, FUMBLING with the DOCUMENTS, depositing them from where they came.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS: DEITRICH, in his dressing gown, heading cautiously down the stairs, STOPPING as HE HEARS a DOOR CLOSE. He proceeds, warily.

ANOTHER ANGLE: as he reaches the GROUND FLOOR and pauses to listen - then ENTERS the KITCHEN. A BREEZE hits him, blowing his robe open, around his knees.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME MOMENT

CLOSE ON LINDA, in her nightgown, shivering as she looks into the skies --- pretending that she is unaware of DEITRICH, silently EXITING the HOUSE. She tenses as she feels him move quietly up behind her - STARTLED by his TOUCH. Turning, she looks into his eyes, seeing they are deeply troubled; an eternity passes as he stares at her.

DEITRICH
(quietly) You weren't in your room. I was afraid - you might have left us.

LINDA

Why would I -

DEITRICH

Perhaps you'd learned enough.

Though a chill wind blows, she is no longer shivering; feeling perspiration forming on her upper lip, she wipes it away, leaving a streak of dirt, which, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he gently cleans.

DEITRICH

Such dirty work for such a beautiful girl. How long have you been doing it?

LINDA

(trembling) ...Sir?

DEITRICH

"Cooking."

Were the wind not blowing, he could hear her heart beating.

LINDA

Cooking?

DEITRICH

For the Gestapo.

CLOSE ON LINDA: stunned.

LINDA

The Gestapo?

DEITRICH

That's what you're doing, isn't it? For Herr Speer and his friends? Infiltrating my house to find out if I'm "soft" on the principles of the Reich? If I can be drawn into confiding my secrets?

LINDA

No...

DEITRICH

It wouldn't do, my falling in love with you if you were going to betray me. My children couldn't take another betrayal.

CLOSE ON HER: terrified.

LINDA

I love your children....

DEITRICH

And if you reported remarks I've made that could be interpreted as disloyalty, they could take me from them...

LINDA
On my life, I am not Gestapo.

DEITRICH
I want to believe you. As much as they.

LINDA
(heartfelt) I would do nothing to hurt
your children.

Searching her eyes, he lifts her hands, assessing her palms -
their rough and dirty condition.

DEITRICH
It's not right that such a beautiful
woman should labor.

LINDA
(embarrassed) I am born to this.

DEITRICH
(moved by her) Do you have a dress for
evening?

She shakes her head.

DEITRICH
Von Karajan is playing Wagner. A
celebration of our courage. And of our
own. You'll wear a dress of my wife.
And sit beside me tomorrow night.

CLOSE ON LINDA: as we BEGIN TO HEAR AN ORCHESTRA, TUNING UP.

CUT TO:

INT. BERLIN OPERA - NIGHT

A MEZZO SOPRANO giving voice to DEI WALKÜRE --- as OUR CAMERA PANS
THE AUDIENCE, finding LINDA and DEITRICH; he in uniform, she in a
black sequined gown, with her hair piled up, as elegant as
royalty, beside him. Overwhelmed by her beauty, he cannot take
his eyes off her, she, catching his eye, offering an uneasy smile
as she turns her gaze back toward the stage.

He leans in and WHISPERS:

DEITRICH
They all think you are my lover, you
know.

CLOSE ON HER; eyes remaining glued to the stage.

DEITRICH
I would marry you, for this privilege. I
wouldn't care what anyone would say. I
know it would make the children happy.

CLOSE ON LINDA: unresponding.

DEITRICH

You are not just a beautiful woman. You
are a moral woman.

Knowing she must, she TURNS TO HIM. But HE SEES her eyes go
"cold" as she SPOTS SOMETHING over his shoulder. Following her
gaze, he TURNS TO SEE a WOMAN across the aisle, STARING AT HIM.

DEITRICH

My God. That's Olga Leiner!

ANGLE ON OLGA, MARGRETE'S MOTHER, raising a few fingers in a
tentative wave. Quickly averting her eyes, LINDA turns to the
stage.

DEITRICH

Do you know her?

LINDA

Who?

DEITRICH

Olga Leiner. She waved at you. Look.

Reluctantly, LINDA TURNS - and OLGA makes the "connection". This
time she waves with CERTAINTY, indicating she'd like to speak to
her. Ignoring it, LINDA turns back to the stage.

LINDA

She must mistake me for someone.

Puzzled, DEITRICH glances back at her, LINDA sweating it out.

DISSOLVING TO:

CONCERT HALL - LATER

LINDA sitting in jaw-gritted tension as the OPERA reaches its
FINAL CRESCENDO, the AUDIENCE jumping to its feet in a STANDING
OVATION. While some SHOUT "HURRAH" and "ENCORE", others start
filing out, LINDA trying to get lost among them. But it doesn't
work. OLGA LEINER is PUSHING TOWARD.

OLGA

(calling out) Lina...! "Lina", right?!

Unable to escape, LINDA STOPS, shutting her eyes as she's grabbed
by OLGA, into a HUG.

OLGA

(exuberant) It's so nice to see a
familiar face! Seems like no one I know
is left in the City!

DEITRICH MOVES UP behind LINDA, placing a HAND on her SHOULDER: a
moment of embarrassment caused by LINDA'S failure to introduce
them.

DEITRICH

I'm Franze Deitrich, your greatest fan.
You know - Miss Albrecht?

OLGA

Yes. She went to University with my
daughter. (To Linda) You must come up
to the apartment again sometime -
(flirtatious) And bring your charming
friend. (a cheek-pat) And if you see my
pretty girl, tell her to call me.

OLGA disappears into the CROWD --- CAMERA MOVING IN ON DEITRICH -
as, in his eyes, WE SEE the entire world change. The smile stays:
but the eyes drain of life. Offering Linda his arm, he escorts
her out.

EXT. THE STREET - SAME

As he summons his car - and helps LINDA IN; the CAR PULLS AWAY.

INT. THE CAR - ON THE MOVE - SAME

The remnants of the smile still stuck on his face, as he avoids
her eyes, gazing out the window, LINDA, fighting to conceal her
desperation, has no idea what to say.

LINDA

(finally) She's quite senile. To be so
confused. She still plays?

DEITRICH

(cold as death) Like an angel.

And his jaw clamps shut in such a way as to make it clear that
there will be no further conversation.

EXT. THE HOUSE - SAME

As the CAR PULLS UP in front; they get out - all silent - their
footsteps echo as they walk to the house.

ANOTHER ANGLE: THEY ENTER. LINDA waits as DEITRICH pays a young
girl baby-sitter, who indicates she had trouble getting the kids
into bed; DIETER is in a tangle of blankets on the floor beside
the radio, GEISELLA, asleep on the couch.

BABY SITTER

They tried to wait up for you.

DEITRICH bids her goodnight - closing the door behind her. An
awkward silence, he gazing out the door.

LINDA

I'll....take them upstairs.

DEITRICH

(a nod) Goodnight.

He TURNS, heading for the stairs - stopped by:

LINDA
Herr Deitrich -

DEITRICH
It's late, Lina. Too late for talking.

He TURNS; LINDA listening to his FOOTSTEPS climbing up the stairs. Then his door closes - followed by a CREAK, as though it opened again.

CLOSE ON HER: paralyzed. Forcing herself to move, she steals quickly to the stairs, where she gazes up through the bars of the railing.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: his partially opened door; he is at his bureau, carefully opening a drawer.

CLOSE ON LINDA: her heart POUNDING as she TURNS, heading quickly into her room.

CUT TO:

INT. HER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where she JUMPS INTO ACTION. Closing her door, SHE PULLS the SMALL HANDGUN from under the mattress, hands trembling as she RIFLES HER DRAWER for PAPERS, and the COLD CREAM JAR, the GUN DROPPING TO THE FLOOR as she PULLS HER VALISE from under the bed, and kicks off her high heels, struggling to unsnap her dress. Pulling it over her head, she gets caught inside, momentarily blinded, and tripping backwards on a shoe, hits the wall with a "THUD". HER DOOR OPENS - BUT SHE IS STRAIGHT-JACKETED in the DRESS, UNABLE TO SEE!

LINDA
(a fearful whimper) Please...!

DEITER
Lina...?

It's the CHILDREN in the DOORWAY, eyes wide with amazement as, with the RIPPING OF CLOTH, LINDA'S HEAD BREAKS FREE.

DEITER
(re: the suitcase) What are you doing?

Her eyes go to the GUN on the FLOOR - and so do DEITER'S - but she MANAGES TO KICK it under the bed before he can SEE.

LINDA
(gasping) I have to go. My father's sick, I have a letter...

GEISELLA
Does Popi know?

LINDA
(moving fast) No. (finds the letter)
Give this to him tomorrow...

DEITER
I'll go tell him.

LINDA
(grabbing him) No!

ANGLE ON THE KIDS: shocked at her desperation.

LINDA
I'll - I'll tell him - when - I'll leave
him a note - I'll -

They watch as she DASHES from point to point, pulling on clothes, pulling her traveling papers out of a shoe-box, so nervous that some slip through her fingers, her hands snatching at them as they flutter through the air.

GEISELLA
(her lip quivering) Are you coming back?

LINDA
(stuffing clothes into her valise) Yes -
of course.

DEITER
(coldly) I don't believe you.

LINDA
Honestly -

DEITER
(The little S.S. Man) There are no
trains at night.

LINDA
Deiter -

DEITER
(cutting her off) Are you a Jew?

LINDA
I am a person. Like you. (imploring)
And you must do this for me. You must
let me go.

DEITER
Then tell me -

Taking his arm, she pulls him close to the bed.

LINDA
 (blurting it out) Yes. (emotional)
 And you must be very careful what you do
 this night, because, some day the world
 will blame you for things you did not do,
 and you can be proud, if you help me
 tonight, that you did not become what
 they wanted you to.

She gasps with emotion, fighting tears.

LINDA
 Can you understand this? No. But
 someday you will, so please trust that
 what I'm saying is true.

Pulling him close, she HUGS HIM TIGHT.

LINDA
 (through tears) Yes. I am Jewish. And
 I'm glad I knew you.

GEISELLA is crying, too, as LINDA reaches out and PULLS HER CLOSE.

LINDA
 Now, go to sleep. Both of you. (her
 voice thickening) I love you, both.
 (barely audible) Goodbye.

Grabbing her VALISE and PURSE, she RUSHES OUT, leaving the
 CHILDREN STUNNED as they hear the door open and close.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS
 LINDA suddenly STOPPING.

LINDA
 (realizing) The gun.

DEITER'S VOICE
 Popi! Come catch Lina! She is a Jew!

SHE'S OFF and RUNNING - into the NIGHT.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN STREETS - SAME
 AN S.S. CAR: ITS SIREN BLARING and SPOTLIGHT SWINGING as it SPEEDS
 DOWN RAIN-SLICKED STREETS; SWISH-PAN to LINDA dodging the light
 as she SCRAMBLES through the DARKNESS, flattening against a wall
 where she tries to CATCH HER BREATH. Pulling open her valise, she
 retrieves the "DECOY JAR" of COLD CREAM - tossing the valise itself
 into a garbage can. Quickly unscrewing the cold cream, she
 removes the CAMERA - from which SHE EXTRACTS the ROLE OF
MICROFILM.

CLOSE ON THE TINY FILM ROLL, clutched FIRMLY in her HAND.

ANOTHER ANGLE: she waits until the SOUND of the S.S. CAR has waned into the darkness - then pushes away from the wall, TAKING OFF AGAIN....

CUT TO:

EXT. WILHELMSDORFPLATZ - NIGHT

The AIR echoing with DISTANT SIRENS --- as the silhouetted form of LINDA springs from cover, scurrying across the street --- into the yard of a HOUSE we recognize: the house of KONRAD FRIEDRICHS, SUNFLOWER.

ANOTHER ANGLE: She tries the BACK DOOR --- then steals around to the front and RINGS THE BELL. WE HEAR IT "GONG". A LIGHT GOES ON INSIDE, LINDA gasping with RELIEF AS she spots, through the door panel, FRIEDRICHS COMING DOWN THE STAIRS. But instead of opening the door, he speaks to her through the glass.

FRIEDRICHS

Go away. I was already called by the Gestapo. They're on their way.

LINDA

I don't know where Vöerdlerstrasse...!

FRIEDRICHS

Stay away from her, too! From all of us!
You'll kill us all!

He SNAPS OUT THE LIGHT - and in the DARKNESS, SHE HEARS the SOUND OF A CAR APPROACHING. Sucking in her breath, she spins on her heel, running toward the sidewalk, as the CAR ROUNDS THE CORNER, catching her in its light. She spins, RUNNING THE OTHER WAY - ANOTHER CAR APPEARS.

VOICE

Halt!

She VAULTS A PICKET FENCE; one of the cars ZOOMS INTO REVERSE, ANOTHER SQUEALS into a U-TURN.

ANOTHER ANGLE: ONE OF THE CARS SPEEDS around the block, another turning into a BACK ALLEY, which it speeds down - CAMERA HOLDS, revealing that it passed LINDA, pressed so closely against a wall, that her silhouette looks like part of its jagged features. Once it's gone, she steps out, heading in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. MARGRETE'S TOWNHOUSE - SAME

A PHONE RINGS - MARGRETE'S HAND picking it up - CAMERA PULLING BACK to reveal we are in POSH SURROUNDINGS.

MARGRETE

(into phone) Yes. (shocked) My God, where are you?! They're combing the whole city for you!

LINDA (O.S.)
I don't want to endanger you.

MARGRETE
I'll come to wherever you are.

LINDA (O.S.)
Look out your front window.

She does - CAMERA SWINGING TO HER POV, REVEALING LINDA at a payphone directly below her. With a GASP, MARGRETE hangs up the phone, racing from the room and heading down the stairs.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR as it OPENS, MARGRETE PULLING LINDA INSIDE.

INT. THE HOUSE - SAME
MARGRETE STUNNED; LINDA is shivering.

MARGRETE
You're wet!

LINDA
I'm freezing.

MARGRETE
(pulling her) Come.

UPSTAIRS - SAME
As MARGRETE DRAGS her into the opulent bedroom , quickly pouring a Brandy, which Linda gratefully takes, while MARGRETE snaps the drapes shut, yanking clothes from her closet.

MARGRETE
You don't know how worried...Friedrichs called me -

LINDA
He turned me away.

MARGRETE
He had no choice.

LINDA is SHIVERING now, MARGRETE helping her unbutton.

LINDA
Thank God for you.

MARGRETE
I've no idea what to do with you. Maybe change your looks. Peroxide your hair. We'll need papers -

LINDA
I got the information, Margrete. On Microfilm. The location of the factory. It's in Peenamunde.

CLOSE ON MARGRETE: STOPPED COLD.

MARGRETE
How did you get this?

LINDA
Deitrich.

MARGRETE
He told you this?

LINDA
I found a secret room.

MARGRETE
Where is the microfilm?

LINDA
I hid it. I was afraid someone might be
up here when I called -

MARGRETE
Where?

LINDA
Outside?

MARGRETE
(adamant) Where "outside?"

LINDA
The phone booth. The coin-box was
loose...

MARGRETE
The one right here? (Linda nods) Thank
God. I'll get it.

LINDA
Was that stupid of me?

MARGRETE
Never mind. You're blue. Run some hot
bathwater and get cleaned up while we
think of what to do. (heading out)
Here's a scissors. Cut your hair short,
it'll be easier to bleach.

LINDA
(heartfelt) Thank you, Margrete.

MARGRETE
(calling behind her) Take a bath! Cut
your hair. We're going "somewhere", God
knows where!

Hearing the downstairs DOOR SLAM as Margrete EXITS, LINDA peels off the last of her clothes and moves into the bathroom, grabbing a towel to wrap around herself as she sits on the edge of the tub and turns the hot water on. Feeling the steam on her face, she closes her eyes, opening them to randomly focus on the hanging towels - noticing that they, like the towel she's wrapped in, are monogrammed with the initials J.S.W. Not the initials of Margrete Von Eberstien. Glancing around at the walls, she sees that the wallpaper bears marks where a couple of pictures have been removed.

CLOSE ON HER: vaguely discomfited, but dismissing it, as she RISES, reentering the bedroom, where she passes the mirror, remembering about cutting her hair. Pausing there, she fingers the long-bladed scissors Margrete left for her, realizing that, behind the mirror, is another shape where the wallpaper is lighter; a different mirror, or picture, used to hang here. She turns to scan the room, CAMERA FOLLOWING HER GAZE to reveal that there are several more spots on the wallpaper, revealing that pictures of long-hanging duration had been removed.

ANOTHER ANGLE ON LINDA: Her eyes etched with unease. Tightening the towel around her, she moves to the WINDOW and peeks out through the drapes - LOOKING DOWN TO SEE:

MARGRETE: her back to us, at the payphone. She is TALKING ON IT. As though sensing Linda's eyes on her, SHE TURNS - and in the split second of contact between them - WE SEE ALARM register in both their eyes. Hanging up, MARGRETE TURNS and stares at her.

ANGLE ON LINDA: feeling a wave of nausea as she SNAPS THE CURTAINS SHUT and tries desperately to make some sense of it, think of what to do. The bath water is still running, STEAM filling the BATHROOM, as LINDA runs through, to an ADJOINING BEDROOM, where she SPOTS A TERRACE, and RUNS OUT ONTO IT - finding no escape; just a two-story drop to a cement patio below. HEARING THE FRONT DOOR OPEN, LINDA'S EYES scan the room, STOPPING at the sight of MEN'S trousers, clearly the bottom half of a UNIFORM, lying half-in, half-out, of a LAUNDRY CHUTE on the CLOSET FLOOR. Another glance reveals a PHOTO, in the dresser, of MARGRETE in the arms of a NAZI SOLDIER.

CLOSE ON LINDA: as she HEARS MARGRETE'S FOOTSTEPS, ascending the stairs. Stealing close to the door that leads to the landing, she SEES MARGRETE, heading upward, a small, beaded purse in her hand.

MARGRETE

Linda? I pretended to make a call so no one would be suspicious of my being out there.

But her voice betrays the lie. ENTERING HER BEDROOM, she hears bath-water running, seeing STEAM billowing out of the BATHROOM - and NO LINDA. The water is splashing over the edge of the tub now, and MARGRETE'S face drains of expression. Reaching into the small purse she's carrying, she lets it drop, retaining its sole content, A GUN, clutched tightly in her hand.

MARGRETE

I got the microfilm, though. It's right here. Do you want it??

Moving to the bathroom, she cautiously peers in, seeing that the door to the ADJOINING ROOM is OPEN. Her eyes trained on it, she gropes for the bath-faucet, turning off the water. The house falls silent around her.

MARGRETE

Linda? You're frightening me.

No answer; she creeps through the bathroom into the adjoining room - poking her head around the corner to see that it, too, is EMPTY. The DOOR to the TERRACE is flung open, the curtains billowing. But no one's on it. Margrete's face is beaded with sweat.

MARGRETE

You were an amateur, Linda. You didn't do one thing right. But I loved you. I still do. I can help you get away.

INT. THE ORIGINAL BEDROOM (MARGRETE'S) - SAME MOMENT

Where WE SEE LINDA'S HAND wrap around the SCISSORS - CAMERA WIDENING to reveal her, stepping into concealment BEHIND THE BATHROOM DOOR, which is opened into the BEDROOM, the long-bladed SCISSORS clutched tightly in her hand. Barefoot, she STEPS INTO SCALDING WATER, emitting a reflexive WHIMPER - before managing to STIFLE IT.

CLOSE ON MARGRETE: having heard it - TURNING, and retracing her steps through the BATHROOM, the gun held firmly in hand.

MARGRETE

(frightened) I've never shot a gun. I don't want to. Please - don't startle me.

Peering through the door crack, LINDA sees MARGRETE; SWISH-PAN to LINDA'S POV as MARGRETE SPOTS HER, as well. For an awful moment, they STAND paralyzed, gazing at each other through the crack in the door.

Then, in a SUDDEN BURST OF MOTION, LINDA HURLS HERSELF AT THE DOOR, MARGRETE SHOOTING as it SLAMS, causing SPLINTERS TO FLY, LINDA emitting a GROAN as she SINKS TO HER KNEES, hit, squarely, in the side.

MARGRETE

(crying out) I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Having difficulty PUSHING OPEN THE DOOR, she emerges to SEE LINDA, crawling on her hands and knees, her elbows buckling, the scissors still clutched in her hand.

MARGRETE

(sobbing) Oh, God! I'm sorry! Forgive me...! They'll be here soon! I'll make sure they take care of you!

Holding the GUN in one hand, she attempts to help LINDA with the other.

MARGRETE

Get in the bed! Get in bed!

Pulling herself up with MARGRETE'S help, LINDA does, curling into a fetal position, her toes twitching as she GASPS for air.

LINDA

Why - now...? Why didn't you - turn me in...before?

MARGRETE

(crying) What a bad way for us to end.

LINDA

(insisting) Why - didn't you...??

MARGRETE

(through her tears) We'd been watching Franze Deitrich. When you blundered into his house we thought we could use you - to feed me information - if he was loyal, if he had leanings the other way....

LINDA

(on a groan) He's loyal.

MARGRETE

Are you in terrible pain?

LINDA

I'm dying.

MARGRETE

(a sob) First Albert...I loved him, too...

LINDA

(realizing) You killed Albert Eckert?

MARGRETE

He found out about me.

LINDA

Why - (a gasp) - do you do this?

MARGRETE

The same reason as you. I love my country.

LINDA

Hitler -

MARGRETE

Hitler is a monster. But if he can lead us to victory, we must do what he says.

CLOSE ON LINDA: her breath quieting, as something slowly dawns on her, an awful revelation coming over her eyes.

LINDA

My cousins.

In the DISTANCE, WE HEAR S.S. SIRENS COMING.

LINDA

Hannah - Sofi...

MARGRETE

I'm sorry. I work for the Reich. And I confess. Except for you, I have no use for Jews.

With a ROAR OF RAGE, LINDA SUDDENLY SURGES FROM THE BED, planting her scissors, square into MARGRETE'S BICEP, MARGRETE SCREAMING as the GUN CLATTERS to the FLOOR. Both leap for it, their grappling struggle moving, crab-like, across the floor, LINDA WINDING UP with the GUN IN HER HAND - attempting to stand, but getting no further than a crouch; she staggers toward MARGRETE, who's backing toward the BATHROOM DOOR.

MARGRETE

They were dead anyway. They couldn't have survived.

LINDA

I'll kill you for that...!

MARGRETE

You'd better do it fast. The S.S. is here.

In fact, the SIRENS ARE CONVERGING BELOW, LINDA'S GLANCE toward the WINDOW, giving MARGRETE the MOMENT she needs to, BARREL, HEADLONG, into her, the GUN DISCHARGING as she KNOCKS LINDA TO THE FLOOR.

ANGLE ON BOTH - hitting the FLOOR; LINDA rolling MARGRETE off her to see that she's shot - right in the FOREHEAD - the MICROFILM ROLLING OUT OF HER HAND. GRABBING it, LINDA attempts to summon her strength, hearing a POUNDING ON THE DOWNSTAIRS DOOR!

CRAWLING to the CLOSET, she fumbles for a pair of SHOES, then, with every ounce of strength she can summon, pulls herself up against a bureau where she grasps her purse - stumbling through the BATHROOM, into the ADJOINING ROOM, and moving out onto the TERRACE. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER FACE as SHE HEARS the DOWNSTAIRS DOOR SPLINTERING under the weight of an AXE.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS - SAME MOMENT

The door GIVING WAY as SOLDIERS FLOOD IN and fan out downstairs, TWO OF THEM, with GUNS DRAWN, CHARGING UPWARD.

ANGLE UPSTAIRS: as they run into the BEDROOM to FIND MARGRETE, sprawled, dead, on the floor. Barely pausing, they check the closets, then MOVE FAST, through the BATHROOM, into the ADJOINING ROOM, where ALERTED BY A VOICE shouting from OUTSIDE, they MOVE ONTO THE TERRACE.

ANGLE FROM THEIR POV: An S.S. MAN in the COURTYARD BELOW, examining a shoe he found on the ground, and LINDA'S PURSE, its contents spilled and broken on the cement around him. SHOUTING UP TO THEM, he POINTS to the surrounding BUSHES; they RESPOND QUICKLY, TURNING and RUNNING from the room.

As the CLATTER of their JACKBOOTS FADES, joining others that EXIT THE HOUSE --- OUR CAMERA, still in the ADJOINING BEDROOM --- SLOWLY PANS to the CLOSET, the LAUNDRY CHUTE on the FLOOR. The men's trousers that were half-in, half-out, are GONE. The TRAP DOOR is SHUT.

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME

Where, on the sheets and towels PILED in the collecting basin at the bottom of the laundry chute - BLOOD, drop by drop, DRIPS DOWN.

INT. THE LAUNDRY CHUTE - SAME

LINDA, gasping as she fights, with what little strength she has left, to stay wedged in the narrow opening. There are FOOTSTEPS in the house again - moving up and down the stairs - and MORE VOICES --- but it all gradually fades.

CLOSE ON LINDA: losing consciousness and FALLING, endlessly, like Alice down the rabbit hole....

INT. THE BASEMENT - SAME

As her BODY COMES CRASHING TO REST - buried in the pile of sheets and towels in the catch basin of the laundry chute.

WIDE ANGLE: THE BASEMENT. Silent. Empty. You'd never know she was there.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON LINDA: unconscious.

CLOSE ON THE SHEETS around her; soaked with BLOOD.

DISSOLVE TO:

WIDE ANGLE: THE BASEMENT, illuminated with the first light of dawn....the stillness broken by a SOUND from OVERHEAD: FOOTSTEPS - crossing the threshold of the front door - MOVING SLOWLY through the house. The DOOR TO THE BASEMENT CREAKS OPEN, its SOUND PENETRATING LINDA'S AWARENESS. She fights for consciousness, struggling to open her eyes.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: a PAIR of JACKBOOTS DESCENDING the wooden stairwell, onto the cement floor, where they STOP --- then, MOVE, ominously TOWARD HER.

CLOSE ON HER: helpless to defend herself -- as her EYES SWEEP UPWARD - THEN BLINK at what they see.

ANGLE FROM HER POV: EDWARD LELAND - in full Nazi military regalia, complete with German Luger tucked into his belt, a chest full of Medals, and the kerchief, bloodied at the Adam's Apple, tied around his throat. Crouching over her, he places a hand on her neck, feeling for a pulse.

ANGLE ON LINDA: Unable to do anything but STARE - as ANOTHER PAIR OF BOOTS HOBBOLES down the stairs. It's SUNFLOWER - dressed in his military finery too, and plenty AGITATED.

FRIEDRICHS

She's alive?

LELAND

Not very.

FRIEDRICHS

(urgent) Hurry. Please.

REACHING BENEATH HER, LELAND prepares to LIFT.

LINDA

(barely audible amazement) My God....it's not a hallucination.

LELAND

If we ever get out of here, you're going to have hell to pay.

CUT TO:

UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - SAME

FRIEDRICHS anxiously glancing out the bedroom window, as he PULLS CLOTHES from the CLOSET; the SOUND of CLOTH being TORN is HEARD behind him.

ANGLE ON THE BATHROOM, where LELAND, on his knees, is finishing a hasty bandaging job on LINDA. She is sprawled back on the closed lid of the toilet, her hand gripped tightly around a sink faucet as she GASPS WITH PAIN. The bathroom floor is still FLOODED, the water tinged with LINDA'S BLOOD now; LELAND'S pants are soaked to the knee.

LELAND

(re: a pill) Swallow it. You're going to have to do all my talking for me. I need you to be able to think about something besides your pain.

Pushing it into her mouth, he clamps it shut, then hands her a glass of WATER, which she greedily takes, and gulps, like a woman dying of thirst. When she's done, she indicates "more"; he obliges, watching fearfully.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

FRIEDRICHS poking his head out and giving the "all clear", LELAND, lowering LINDA from his arms, attempting to put her on her feet. But her knees buckle.

LELAND

Walk, Goddammit. Lean on me.

Woozy, she turns to FRIEDRICHS, with a bleary-eyed smile.

LINDA

Hi, Sunflower. You don't look like one.

Alarmed by her condition, but with no choice but to proceed, they wrap their arms around her, managing to get her down the cement stairs, to the curb, where their parked car is waiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. BERLIN TRAIN STATION - SAME

As their car PULLS UP and STOPS.

SUNFLOWER

I can't go any further. They'll recognize me, before they do her.

INT. THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

SUNFLOWER behind the wheel as LELAND hefts LINDA, who is barely conscious, into an EXIT POSITION.

FRIEDRICHS

(trying to get through to her) You're going to a clinic, and you're in premature labor. Do you understand this? When the Colonel here, is asked a question, you must answer for him, explaining he can't speak due to his wound - sustained on the Russian front. Do you hear me?!

LINDA

(a whisper) Ya vol.

FRIEDRICHS

(to Leland) Good luck.

LELAND

And you.

Their handshake is bracing; but their expressions indicate hopelessness.

FRIEDRICH

Perhaps one day I'll see you on Coney Island.

Opening the door, LELAND attempts to set LINDA on her feet, but her LEGS BUCKLE. With no choice, he grits his teeth and PICKS HER UP IN HIS ARMS, carrying her off through the crowds.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRAIN STATION - SAME

ECHOING with the DIN of THOUSANDS of SOLDIERS on their way to the FRONT, PLUS THOUSANDS OF women and children trying to escape the city, the PUBLIC ADDRESS SYSTEM DRONING NON-STOP with the arrivals and departures of trains --- CAMERA FINDING LELAND, with LINDA in his arms, moving with urgency INTO A LINE, a NAZI GUARD eyeing him as he MOVES TOWARD THE TICKET-TAKER at the TURNSTILE.

NAZI GUARD

(approaching) [SUBTITLED] Papers?

LELAND, juggling LINDA, hands him his papers, the NAZI GUARD, flipping through.

NAZI GUARD

(a glance up from Linda's passport)
[SUBTITLED] And what's wrong with
..."Ula"?

LELAND waits for LINDA to ANSWER - but she FAILS TO! He points to his throat.

GUARD

Vass?!

LINDA

(better late than never) [SUBTITLED]
He's shot in the throat. What's wrong
with me is none of your business.

LELAND shows him another document - apparently explaining her condition; the GUARD NODS, indicating they can pass. But as LELAND reaches the turnstile, he FEELS THE GUARD'S HAND GRIP his arm. TURNING, he is confronted by the GUARD, two inches from his face.

GUARD

[SUBTITLED] Can they fix it? (pointing)
Your throat?

CLOSE ON LELAND: BLANK.

GUARD

(re: Linda) [SUBTITLED] Well, you've
still got your most important organs
working.

He BURSTS INTO LAUGHTER, LELAND "miming" laughter for lack of knowing how a mute would laugh; his TICKETS ARE STAMPED - THEY ARE USHERED THROUGH.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN PLATFORM

The TRAIN'S STEAM WHISTLE SCREAMING as people PUSH ON, LELAND struggling to get LINDA up the NARROW STAIRWELL as the TRAIN begins to MOVE, CHUGGING out of the station.

CUT TO:

EXT. GERMAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The little train, throwing its puffs of steam into clean and crisp air as it MOVES UPWARD, into pine trees, patches of SNOW indicating its ascent into the foothills of the German-Swiss Alps.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRAIN - SAME

The COMPARTMENT that LINDA AND LELAND are in, shared by an ELDERLY WOMAN, who gazes at LINDA, lying face up in LELAND'S LAP, with CONCERN.

In fact, LINDA is unconscious; CAMERA PANNING UP to LELAND, his eyes etched with FEAR as he gazes out at the passing landscape.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN

In heavy snow now, its puffs of steam holding, like little clouds, in the thin, mountainous air.

CUT TO:

INT. THE TRAIN - SAME

WIDE ANGLE: THE COMPARTMENT - revealing they are ALONE in it now.

CLOSER ANGLE: on Linda's face; ashen, parch-lipped, slicked with sweat; LELAND'S FACE comes into frame, his lips pressing close to her ear.

LELAND

(a whisper) Don't even think about
dying. You are not permitted to die.

It reaches her, and she stirs, slightly, her eyes opening, glazed, but aware of him bending over her.

LINDA

(the faintest hint of a smile)
Never...saw you look scared before.

LELAND

I don't want to lose you.

LINDA
(barely audible) ...I'm a screw-up.

LELAND
I love you.

LINDA
(a groan) Oh, man....you wouldn't say
that unless you were sure I was gonna
die.

He quietly chuckles; she comforted by the sound of it, closes her eyes.

The TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS; a "HISS" of STEAM --- as the TRAIN BEGINS TO SLOW....

CONDUCTOR'S VOICE
(thru door) Swiss Border - all
passengers out!

LELAND
Linda...? (no answer) Linda.

She's out; his eyes etched with alarm, he takes her pulse --- and realizes, that although completely limp, one of her hands is tightened into a fist. Opening it, he sees the microfilm - apparently held there all this time.

CONDUCTOR
(accompanied by a banging on the door)
Swiss Border! All out for security on
the German side!

The TRAIN LURCHES TO A STOP, LELAND tucking the microfilm into his throat-bandage and taking a last look at LINDA. With no one to "speak" for him now, he takes a deep breath, SCOOPING HER UP INTO HIS ARMS.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIN - SAME

PASSENGERS debarking, breathing steam into the chill air, some waving to friends and associates waiting on the SWISS SIDE, which is a continuation of the SAME PLATFORM, behind a high, barbed-wire fence.

CAMERA PANS, revealing BERRINGER is THERE, and KERNOHAN, and the BODY-GUARD TYPE, PETE, all gazing fearfully through the wire mesh, as LELAND, with LINDA IN HIS ARMS, steps off the TRAIN, nearly STUMBLING as he DEBOARDS.

ANGLE ON LELAND: as other passengers, out of deference to the apparent illness of the woman in his arms, step aside and let him into the small SECURITY SHACK, the BACK DOOR of which EMPTIES OUT onto a WALKWAY that leads to the SWISS BORDER.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SECURITY SHACK - SAME

As he steps before the BORDER COMMANDANT who asks for PAPERS. LELAND hands them over, sweating it out as they are examined. Looking up, the COMMANDANT asks him something, a tilt of his head indicating he's inquiring about LINDA. Hoping it's the right response, LELAND hands him the document indicating her condition. Briefly examining it, the COMMANDANT asks something else; Leland nods. Judging by the response, it apparently wasn't an acceptable answer. The COMMANDANT reiterates the same words, SHARPLY, this time; LELAND points to his throat. After a long beat, the COMMANDANT SUMMONS TWO GUARDS, instructing one to take LINDA from LELAND; LELAND has no choice but to submit.

With one GUARD holding LINDA, the other is instructed to UNTIE THE BANDAGES AROUND LELAND'S THROAT - which he, CONFRONTING LELAND, prepares to do. But HE SUDDENLY STOPS - MID-MOTION.

CLOSE ON THE GUARD'S FACE - frozen in surprise; CAMERA TILTING DOWN to REVEAL a HUGE KNIFE STUCK IN HIS GUT. Then, in a SINGULAR BURST OF VIOLENCE, LELAND SHOVES the GUARD BACKWARDS, into the COMMANDANT, while drawing his LUGAR and FIRING, the GUARD and the COMMANDANT BOTH GOING DOWN! The REMAINING GUARD is momentarily immobilized because he's GOT LINDA IN HIS ARMS, LELAND KICKING HIM IN THE NUTS and GRABBING LINDA as he GOES DOWN, managing to CONNECT HIS KNEE to the GUARD'S FACE, then STOMP HIS HEAD INTO THE GROUND.

WHIRLING with LINDA IN HIS ARMS, HE BURSTS OUT THE BACK DOOR, an ALARM GOING OFF behind him, as he RUNS LIKE HELL for the SWISS BORDER.

SWISH-PAN BEHIND HIM, REVEALING A NAZI BORDER GUARD TAKING AIM.

CLOSE ON LELAND RUNNING, with LINDA in his ARMS, as BULLETS PING AROUND HIM....

ANGLE ON THE WAITING CROWD at the FENCE, RUNNING FOR COVER --- BERRINGER and CREW watching in HORROR, as LELAND dodges BULLETS, struggling desperately to REACH THEM.

ANGLE ON LELAND: HIT behind the KNEE - his LEG BUCKLING. But he gets back up, staggering, with LINDA IN HIS ARMS, TOWARD THE LINE.

BERRINGER

(shouting at a Swiss Border Guard) Do
something! Stop them!

SWISS BORDER GUARD

I cannot!

ANGLE ON LELAND: Hit again, in the ARM, and SPINNING in a FULL CIRCLE from the IMPACT, but STAGGERING ACROSS THE LINE. But the GERMAN GUARD is STILL FIRING.

BERRINGER

(screaming, to the Swiss border guard)
He's on Swiss soil! Stop them!

The SWISS BORDER GUARD takes aim and FIRES - the GERMAN BORDER GUARD GOING DOWN ---- and EVERYWHERE, people start CHEERING!!

ANGLE ON LELAND, with LINDA in his ARMS, STAGGERING, and FALLING - -- into the ARMS of a Multitude of PEOPLE who have RUN FORWARDcarrying them away.....

CAMERA PULLING BACK until WE SEE the entire SCENE: an ambulance RUSHING toward the SECURITY SHACK on the GERMAN SIDE ---- a MOB of PEOPLE carrying both LELAND, and LINDA, to safety. CAMERA CONTINUES ITS PULLBACK until it is no more than the movement of ants.....as we hear the BBC INTERVIEWER SAY:

BBC INTERVIEWER

Wow.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - PRESENT DAY

The look of relief on Linda's face indicating her story is told. Everything is silent around her.

BBC INTERVIEWER

And Franze Deitrich? What ever happened to...?

LINDA

Hung by Hitler. Along with eight others, for being part of a plot to plant a bomb in his bunker.

BBC INTERVIEWER

And his children?

LINDA

I tried to find them after the war. They probably changed their names - as many did. But I had my own children by then. (brightens) Can I put them on T.V.? (gets an okay) Jamie? Eddie? (complaints in the background) Come. Please.

CAMERA SWINGS past the BBC INTERVIEWER and SOUNDMAN, to REVEAL a PAIR of YOUNG MEN - strong and handsome (and embarrassed) - looking a lot like ED LELAND.

LINDA

They look like their father, huh?

BBC INTERVIEWER

I'm not sure what he looked like.

LINDA

Here's the scrapbook...

THE CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO HER as she OPENS her scrapbook to a family PHOTO: she, Leland, and their two young sons.

LINDA

This was taken a month before his heart attack. (to the boys) When did he die? September.

EDDIE (O.S.)

July.

LINDA

1978, July.

CLOSE ON HER FACE: Though aged now, sparkling with life as she looks at his photo.

BBC INTERVIEWER

And the microfilm?

Clearly, this answer pleases her.

LINDA

It's in the history books. November 3, 1943. Six hundred R.A.F. planes, and four hundred American Bombers, demolished the factory at Peenamunde, setting back Germany's V-1 rocket program for over a year. The buzz bombs didn't start coming until late '44 - when the war was almost over - and Britain was prepared.

Her sons applaud in the background - she gives them a "get outta here" wave of her hand.

BBC INTERVIEWER

You look back over your life...are there lessons there?

LINDA

My life? I don't think so. In the war, there are lessons. But people of conscience speak out, now. There were always people of conscience, but today they speak out. Maybe what we lived through gave them the courage to do that.

Silence in the room - she looks around as if to say "is that it"?

BBC INTERVIEWER

Would you just sit there, please? We'll be rolling end credits over you.

ROLL END CREDITS; LINDA SMILING.....as we begin to HEAR:

I've Always Wanted to Waltz in Berlin.....

- the end -